LADIES' REPOSITORY.

JANUARY, 1851.

THE EDUCATION OF A MAN.

BY THE EDITOR.

Ir is related of both Æsop and Diogenes, that, having ignited a lamp in broad daylight, they went through the crowded market-place of Athens, peering into the face of every individual they met; and, upon being asked the meaning of their strange conduct, they replied, that they were looking through Greece to find a man. The satire, though at first sight apparently severe, must be pronounced, when philosophically considered, just. It was easy enough in those days, it is easy enough even in our own, to find personages of great distinction, of rare qualities, of transcendent genius; but to find a man, a full man, a man that is a man, has never been so easy, and is not so easy now.

Man, in his original estate, was a most consummately-perfect, complete, well-balanced, finished, and glorious being. His physical, intellectual, and moral powers were not only individually developed, but completely poised. There was neither too much, nor too little, of any one of them. There was a roundness, a fullness, a harmony in his character, that constituted both the strength and beauty of his nature. The activities of his essence were not one-sided, partial, fitful activities. The virtue of his whole existence was not compelled to work itself out, and to accomplish its great ends, through the medium of two or three over-developed faculties, while the feebleness of his remaining faculties nearly neutralized what little he could have thus accomplished. Every faculty was a perfect faculty; and the equilibrium maintained between them all made him a large, noble, powerful lord among the creatures and the works of God.

Now, however, man is a most degenerate being. The several ingredients of his nature are lamentably reduced. The harmony of his powers is gone. Physically, he as a small, weak, sickly creature, trembling at every little circumstance, and begging of the elements to let him live. Intellectually, he is equally miserable—an ignorant, short-sighted, confused, puny specimen of mentality, a thousand times more liable to error than to truth. Morally, he is just as degraded as he is in body and in

mind, full of all imperfections, and, to finish his degradation, proud of the very capacities, dwarfed and unbalanced as they are, of which he is composed.

Still, to this wretchedness there is this relief, that, though fallen so low, man is not bound to this ruin by any law of his being, or by any decree of fate. To a very great degree, if not perfectly, he is capable of recovering his lost position; and, what is still better, the means of his restoration have been committed to himself. He can use them when he will. His more pature, so lapsed, can be purified and brought tack. His mind, so enfeebled and distracted, can be recovered, rebalanced, and set right. His very body, all weak and wayward as it is, is susceptible of a most wonderful improvement, if it can not be reinvested with its original perfection, power, and grace.

The process by which this universal recovery is to be made is most fitly styled education; because, from the etymology of the word, as well as from its correctest use, it signifies to draw out—to expand—that which before had been hidden and confined. To educate a human being is to draw out, to develop, all the powers of which he is composed; neither the physical, the intellectual, nor the moral faculties can be left untouched; and when such a being is fully educated, he becomes what he was not before—a man.

It is singular, nevertheless, that, obvious as are these principles, the history of this work of education is the most pointed demonstration of the universal wretchedness of mankind. With a sufficient conviction of the fact, that, without special cultivation, the several capacities of our being will remain forever in their natural state, the earliest nations had no system of education, but left each successive generation to grow up, like the wild fruit of their mountains, and become whatever they might under this stupid or criminal neglect. At the remotest period, as far back as history has gone, men had carried the cultivation of plants, and herbs, and fruits to some degree of perfection; from the wild roots they had reared up a race of esculent vegetables very suitable for food; they had, by a most careful process of growing and grafting, brought out the apple from the crab; but their own

VOL. XI.-1

species, whose law of improvement was the same, and whose growth, under similar treatment, was quite as certain, was left to run altogether unbridled and wild, to sink, to degenerate, more and more.

When the most civilized nations of antiquity began to make some special efforts in the work of education, their views of what the work should be were narrow to the last extreme. A princely education among the ancient Persians, we are informed by Herodotus, consisted simply of the practice of virtue, of riding on horseback, and of the management of the arrow and the bow. In other words, war and honesty were the ends aimed at by this system of human discipline, the oldest of which history gives us an account. At Athens, from the earliest to the latest times, philosophy and rhetoric were almost the only studies, because it was there considered to be the chief end of education to prepare the student for political pursuits. The Spartans regarded each citizen as a soldier, bound to defend and enlarge the state; and their system of education, as established by Lycurgus, aimed only at the utmost vigor and strength of body, and at that bravery and fortitude necessary on the field of battle, while all the intellectual studies were banished by the authority of law. Rome, in her turn, had another system of discipline, the object of which was to make both statesmen and soldiers; and, therefore, she blended the two theories of Athenian and Spartan education into one. Next came the dark ages, those long centuries of barrenness and blindness, wherein the spirit of doubtful and useless speculation totally displaced every practical and profitable element of the former methods, without offering any thing worthy of being called a method in their stead. In the eleventh century, however, the seven liberal arts, as they were styled, were wrought up into a sort of system, which was almost universally introduced into the higher and better schools. These arts were divided into two orders, or sets, one of which, consisting of grammar, rhetoric, and logic, was entitled the Trivium, and the other, embracing arithmetic, music, geometry, and astronomy, was known under the title of the Quadrivium. When the pupil had gone through with the seven studies of the Trivium and Quadrivium, all of which were merely intellectual, in no way providing for the physical and moral, he was regarded as a master in all the discipline and knowledge of mankind. Subsequently, even this mental culture was reduced to the sole study of what was called Dialectics, which consisted of metaphysical commentaries on the Aristotelian philosophy, made by Porphyry and Averroes, and of the ten categories falsely attributed to St. Augustine. When, in a later age, the great universities of modern Europe began to acquire some eminence, the same adhesion to a naked intellectual cultivation, without the slightest reference to the body or the soul, was every-where the characteristic of the times; and the intellect itself was not entirely

provided for, since the seven sciences did not adequately exercise all the powers of the mind.

In the seventeenth century, Lord Bacon undertook to institute a new and complete system of human science. His greatest work, the Advancement of Learning, was written for this purpose. In this production, while giving great credit to the ancients for their multifarious wisdom, he demonstrates the necessity of higher and broader views of his subject than had been taken by the most illustrious of his predecessors. Yet, after studying the most carefully the nine books of this incomparable treatise, the reader is forced to the conclusion, that the profoundest philosopher of modern times reduced the work of education to the cultivation of the intellectual faculties. Taking the true ground, as he does, that the sum total of human knowledge, or improvement, is founded upon the powers of man, he, nevertheless, in the execution of his treatise, speaks only of the intellect, which he divides into memory, imagination, and reason. These capacities, in their relations to education, lay the foundations of history, poesy, and philosophy, which, the philosopher declares, exhaust both the demands and the supplies of knowledge. It is true, he divides philosophy into primitive and derivative, and the derivative into divine, natural, and human. Human philosophy he subsequently subdivides into individual and social, the individual embracing the sciences of the body and the soul, and the social including what he styles conversation, negotiation, and the government of states. Still, grand and comprehensive as is this portraiture of knowledge, it is a portraiture of knowledge merely; and knowledge, as every one can see, consists of the acquisitions of the thinking portion of the soul. Should a man, therefore, go through with this entire programme of study, he would have exercised, according to the philosopher himself, only his memory, his imagination, and his reason; for, though physical and moral studies hold their places in his catalogue, they are made subservient to the three intellectual powers above enumerated. Not a word is said, from the beginning to the close of this celebrated treatise, about the direct education of the physical or of the moral faculties. They are left by him, as they had been left by his predecessors, to the most utter neglect, or to the work of chance.

John Locke, about half a century after Bacon's death, published his Thoughts concerning Education, a work intended to supply the defects of prior systems. In this design he certainly had great success. He includes, in his theory of instruction, the body, the intellect, and the soul. "A sound mind in a sound body," says the age, "is a short but full description of a happy state in this world." He then proceeds to show how a soundness of body can be acquired; how the mental capacities can be improved; and how moral habits and religious affections can be formed. But the great fault of this noble work, a fault really fatal to it, is, that

it does not propose to map out and educate the various faculties, but to rear up a gentleman of the world. This he avows in the plainest terms. All his precepts, in themselves always useful, are directed to this end. His plan of education, therefore, while it is a decided improvement upon that of Bacon, though not so systematic and profound as far as Bacon goes, falls infinitely short of the high purposes of human discipline, unless to be a gentleman, in the old English signification of the word, is the chief end of man. He might, with Fenelon and Machiavelli, have written another treatise to teach the art of becoming a good and powerful prince. The roads to scholarship, to the professions, to the common trades, might have formed the topics of other successive works quite as philosophical and able as the one actually composed. But none of these, nor all of them together, would have met the demands of the great subject. The one sole design of education, when properly understood, is not to make a gentleman, or a lawyer, or a mechanic, or a farmer, but to draw out to their utmost limits all the susceptibilities of our threefold nature; and the product of this true discipline is not a scholar, nor a philosopher, nor an artist, but a fully-developed man.

The present age, with all the advantages derived from the experience of other ages, with a thousand correct notions floating in the common atmosphere, with the results of much careful and successful study of the science of education, with a decided increase of knowledge upon the subject, has put but very little of its knowledge into practice. The great schools of nearly every country, enlightened as they are on every other topic, seem to know as little of their only business, which is the art of forming men, as the schools of the most barbarous ages. The universities of England are devoted, almost exclusively, to languages and mathematics; of France, to mathematics and the natural sciences; of Germany, to philosophy and metaphysics; of Italy, to the fine arts; and of the United States, to that species of useful information most essential in the Ars artium of making money. In this country, indeed, instead of gradually advancing and taking higher ground in this great business, we are absolutely descending lower and lower, not only in our conceptions, but in our practice. In the beginning of our history a full course of study, such as it was, was required of every pupil; but now we have a multitude of recently-invented expedients, by which a young man may acquire almost all the honors of graduation, through a much more partial and superficial range of studies. Many of our leading educators, discouraged by the paltry business tendencies of our age and country, rather than convinced of the intrinsic propriety of their course, have slowly and reluctantly, but most effectually, let down the standard of their high calling; and now, as if pushed to despair, one of the very first of them comes forward with a new theory of education, which, he imagines, will fully satisfy the spirit of

the age. In this opinion I concur most perfectly; for when the colleges of this country shall have generally adopted the plan of Dr. Wayland, the gentleman referred to, and fallen to the low work of fitting young men for the bar, the pulpit, the sickbed, the mechanic's bench, the counting-room, and the farm, the true, noble, glorious idea of a universal education will have been given up, and victory will have perched upon the inglorious banner of the times.

We shall then have a singular set of graduates annually issuing from our colleges. Each individual will have a limited portion of his mental powers specifically and extravagantly cultivated, with another portion almost wholly neglected, while, as now, the body and the soul will not be touched at all. One person will be all law, another all divinity, a third all medicine, a fourth all mechanism, or agriculture, or commerce, while there will be an absolute annihilation of that common discipline which fits one equally and liberally for any pursuit he may wish afterward to pursue. The great bond of brotherhood among educated men will be forever broken. That sympathy, that fellow-feeling, now reigning among them, which grows up from an intelligent insight into the principles of each other's callings and professions, will be extinct. In this way, it is true, a greater intensity of mental activity, in one solitary direction, may possibly be manufactured; but all breadth of nature, all roundness and fullness of character, all wide liberality of feeling, all comprehensiveness and grandeur of genius, will be gone forever. Such narrow spirits, capable of only one kind of action, having no general views of society and of things, have always been, in every age of the world, the tools of larger and more universal minds. They will always be so, because they are fit for nothing else. Our schools, our highest institutions of learning, when this new theory gets fairly at work, will annually produce a race of characters, whose sole value will consist in their increased fitness for being used. Our educated citizens will be only instruments. Society will be overrun with a generation, whose souls will have all been sharpened down to the keenest points, but whose very keenness will render them so much the more a curse. But, excepting the few noble beings, whom nature never ceases occasionally to produce, there will be no more men.

Instead of giving up to this spirit of special and partial preparation for public life, we ought to arm ourselves against it, make war upon it, and conquer it, and then raise the true standard of education over all our schools.

Hx who is most industrious has really the most leisure; for his time is marked out into distinct portions, to each of which something is assigned; and when the thing is done, the man is at leisure; but a dead calm settles over him who lives an idle RUNNING SKETCH OF THE LATE BISHOP BASCOM.

BY MEMBY B. BROWN.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We may make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints in the sands of time."

LONGFELLOW.

THE life of every great man, when truly written, is invested with much of the spirit of romance. If it has apparently wanted those thrilling scenes in which the romancer so much delights, it is only because they have not been observable to the common eye. It is true that the incidents of the military chieftain are always more interesting to the mass of mankind than those of the statesman; and the career of the statesman generally possesses a charm for the common reader far more enchaining than that of the clergyman or man of letters. But all, of whatsoever vocation, if they truly, fearlessly, sincerely, and ably perform the duties of their stationall great men, of whatsoever profession, are alike heroes; and such I regard the individual whose name stands at the head of this article to have

Henry B. Bascom was a hero, in the highest sense of that term. He was earnest; he was resolute; he was truthful; he was brave; and in these qualities is contained all that is heroic.

"Not to the ensanguined field of death alone
Is valor limited; she sits serene
In the deliberate council; sagely scans
The source of action; weighs, prevents, provides,
And scorns to count her glories from the feats
Of brutal force alone."

It is now but a few months since the death of Dr. Bascom was announced in the public journals throughout the Union; and, wherever that announcement was read, it cast a melancholy gloom over the minds of all who heard it. All felt that a great light had been extinguished; a towering spirit had passed from earth forever. Those who had not the good fortune to number him among their personal friends, mourned his departure as a great public calamity, while those who knew him best, who had felt the warm grasp of his ever-open hand, wept as a child would weep over the bier of a dear, departed parent.

No man who ever filled the pulpit of the United States has exercised a deeper, a more extended, and more lasting influence upon the American mind than the late Henry B. Bascom. During the first fifteen or twenty years of his career more persons were reclaimed, by the influence of his powerful eloquence, from the "world" and its "beggarly elements," than by any other clergyman then belonging to the Methodist Episcopal Church of the Union. It may be that greater "revivalists" have flourished among the ministers of that Church. John Newland Maffit, no doubt, created, since that time, a far greater sensation, a wilder and, perhaps,

more enthusiastic excitement, by his declamation. The feeling produced by Dr. Bascom, however, was more rational, more permanent. Those who never heard him till recently, after the cares of scholastic study had somewhat cooled the fire of his soul, have but a faint idea of what he was fifteen or twenty years since. Those who heard him then will never forget the feelings that he produced. The deep, thrilling tones of a voice then unimpaired by hardship and over-exertion, now melting into the soft, melodious accents of love, and now bursting forth in thundering denunciations of the world's ungodliness, never failed to stamp upon the hearts of his hearers impressions lasting as life itself. At one moment his audience, moved by the charming pictures of his pencil, would be all radiant with smiles; at another, the pathetic, touching, and heart-moving scenes, which he would describe, would force tears of sympathy down the cheeks of the most obdurate; and then, in an instant, by the magic of his burning eloquence, he would make the whole congregation tremble, so wondrous, so real, so terrible was his Rembrandt-sketch of the doom of the impenitent. He controlled his audience at will. Perfectly familiar with all the motives of the human mind, and all the impulses of the heart, he could cause his hearers to smile with joy, or weep with penitence, or tremble with remorse, at pleasure. No man possessed a more fruitful imagination. His descriptions fairly glittered with poetic gems. Touched by his master hand, every picture of life assumed the charm and glow of beauty, or glared with the most hideous deformity, just as it suited his purpose. I well remember a discourse on the vanities of life, delivered by him some years ago; and never did all the charms and attractions of this world appear so little and so worthless to me as on that occasion. His description of the dalliances of the world, the siren whisperings of Ambition, and the luring charms of Pleasure, surpassed in beauty and power any thing I remember to have heard from the lips of man. His power as an orator was, no doubt, greatly aided by his fine person, his open, manly, honest expression of countenance, and his keen, piercing black eye. That eye none could describe. A venerable citizen, who knew him well, has often told me that, while Dr. Bascom was preaching, he could never "unfix" his gaze from that earnest, soul-penetrating eye. "Why," said he, "whenever he was denouncing any mean passion, or secret, ungodly propensity, his dark, keen eye seemed to look right through me, and say to my self-condemned spirit, 'Thou art the man.'" He possessed that indescribable power, that magnetic charm, if I may so term it, with which all true orators are gifted, and which never fails to move the souls of men. What he described was real, and men saw it and felt it as a thing of life. A deep, earnest soul, and resolute and brave, was Henry B. Bascom.

Dr. Bascom was, emphatically, a self-made man; self-made, at least, in all but the rich and glorious

endowments with which God had gifted him. His father was poor, and, being blessed with a numerous offspring, was unable to bestow more than a very limited education on his children. He was a mere youth-only sixteen years of age-when he commenced his career in the pulpit. Notwithstanding the disadvantages under which he labored, arising both from his youthfulness and defective education, he at once attracted the attention of the best minds wherever he appeared. It was not till several years after he had engaged in the ministry that he commenced that thorough course of education which soon rendered him one of the most polished scholars of the Church. But his labor did not cease when he had passed through the ordinary course of classical study. This was not enough for him. He was a student through life, ever seeking to dive deeper into the mysteries of nature, and attain a higher and nobler view of existence. And it was to this constant study, this self-effort, that he was indebted for that wonderful knowledge in almost every department of science, which so much distinguished him above his fellows. While ministering with him, some years ago, around the couch of a suffering brother-the late Alpheus W. Bascom, Esq., of Maysville-I was forcibly struck with the wonderful knowledge he exhibited of the nature and treatment of a most dangerous and intricate disease. He was so perfectly familiar with its character and workings, that the attending physician could not restrain the expression of his astonish-

For several years Dr. Bascom's labors were assigned to the wild and unsettled frontiers of Virginia, Kentucky, and Ohio. The hardships and privations to which he was subjected on these circuits would have crushed the spirits of any ordinary man. He frequently had to travel forty miles a day through solitary forests, and, after the fatigue of such a journey, deliver a sermon at night. The roads, at that time, were scarcely broken, and there were no bridges over the streams, which, in the winter, were often swollen, by rains, beyond their banks. But this was but a slight obstacle to the noble pioneer of the cross. He would force his horse daringly forward, and swim across the foaming billows. To a soul like his, a wet suit and a few hours of chilliness were trifles not to be avoided. On one occasion, while swimming a small stream in Kentucky, which had been swollen to an unusual hight by recent rains, the current was so rapid that he was forced some two hundred yards below the ford. The drift was whirling furiously around him, and, on either side, the banks were too steep to ascend. He saw his danger, but, with cool selfpossession, he clung firmly to his faithful horse, and the noble animal, taking a downward course, finally emerged safely from his perils. What a contrast does this present to the smooth and luxurious life of most clergymen of the present day!

The country through which Dr. Bascom's duty led him was wild and very thinly settled. The

forests were filled with ferocious wild beasts. He was once followed several miles by a large panther, which threatened, at every step, to bound upon him, and from which he was rescued by reaching, just at nightfall, the cabin of a settler. At another time he had gone some distance from the house of a friend, where he was stopping, into the forest, and was lying quietly, perusing a book, and unconscious of all danger, under the broad-spreading branches of a tree, when he heard the voice of a man crying to him, and telling him to lie still till he fired, on the peril of his life. Quickly glancing his eye in the direction whence the voice proceeded, he saw his friend with his rifle elevated, and pointing toward the branches of the tree under which he was lying. Perfectly familiar with backwoods life, Dr. Bascom knew that some terrible danger was hovering over him, and, without the least perceptible motion of his body, he instantly turned his gaze upward, when he saw, on a limb of the tree, not more than twenty feet above him, a majestic panther, whisking his tail, and just ready to leap upon him. This was a fearful moment! What nerve it required to retain his self-possession, and thus save his life! for the least motion on the part of Dr. Bascom would have hastened the spring of the panther and sealed his fate forever! And in that fearful moment, when death seemed inevitable, with a self-control and a courage truly wonderful, he laid perfectly quiet, till the keen crack of the rifle was heard, and the ferocious beast, pierced by the unerring aim of the backwoodsman, fell lifeless by

While on the circuit of western Virginia, I think it was, Bascom stopped, at noon, at a log-cabin, recently erected by the road-side. He sat down, by invitation, to dine with the family. A lovely little child, about three years old, which had attracted his attention by its sweet smiles and rare beauty, was playing in front of the door, while the family were engaged around the homely repast, when saddenly a heart-piercing cry was heard from without. "My child!" my child!" screamed the mother; and, quick as thought, all rushed to the door.

Father of mercies! what a sight was here presented to the gaze of a doting mother! A terrible panther had sprung upon her unwary darling, and. was ascending a tree, bearing the child in its mouth. "The gun! quick! for God's sake, the gun

franticly exclaimed the father.

Dr. Bascom rushed into the cabin, and, seizing the gun from the rack, rapidly returned; but, alas! it was too late! He was only in time to see the innocent, lovely babe torn to pieces, in the presence of its frantic parents, by the infuriated beast. Completely unnerved by the appalling sight, it required several shots before Dr. Bascom was enabled to bring down the bloodthirsty animal. "I can never forget that awful scene," said Dr. Bascom, when relating this incident to the writer some years since. 'And well might he say so; for a more deeply-affecting and heart-rending scene has seldom

been recorded in the history of adventurous pioneer

No one could administer a rebuke more happily than Dr. Bascom. He always did it in a manner that worked effectively, without giving offense. While preaching to a large audience at a country "meeting-house," in Garrard county, Kentucky, during his early career in the pulpit, he observed that an elderly but worthy citizen was taking a quiet sleep just in front of him, while, at the same time, he was much annoyed by the loud talking of a few men out of doors. So, turning to the window behind him, he exclaimed, in a somewhat elevated tone, "Gentlemen, do not talk so loud, lest you awake him that sleepeth within." Those without were instantly silenced, and the old man within awoke. He was not again interrupted during the discourse.

In the composition of Dr. Bascom there was no cant or ostentations pretense. He could never be induced to wear the peculiar dress adopted by clergymen of his Church. He believed that true humility is a principle of the soul, and does not consist either in eccentricity of habits or the cut of the coat. He always dressed with neatness and taste. This so much displeased the "elder brethren" that he was called to a formal account by a number of senior clergymen. After listening respectfully to the arguments urged against the fashionable cut of his garb, Dr. Bascom deliberately arose, pulled off the obnoxious coat, and, hanging it on a chair, desired to know whether it was his coat or himself that preached. His censurers smiled at the oddity of the argument, and told him to dress as he pleased.

I have said that Dr. Bascom was a brave, valorous spirit. I mean what I say. He was never afraid to "speak the truth and speak it boldly," at all times, or under all circumstances. Perhaps to this much of that wondrous power he possessed over men is to be attributed. All men naturally love a brave, chivalrous soul. It seems to possess a sort of magic influence over us, and to bind our hearts by some strange, unaccountable spell. In every position, whether addressing the national Congress, or some humble, obscure congregation, whether in the councils of the Church, or the lecture-room of the college, the same fearless, bold, and truth-loving spirit was exhibited by Dr. Bascom. He may have been, and doubtless was, sometimes wrong; but what he believed he always fearlessly asserted. But in no period of his life did his eloquence, his courage, and his genius shine forth more resplendently than while he was agent for the American Colonization Society.

About the year 1830 it was thought advisable, by the leading men in this great cause, then in its infancy, to send a secret agent to the south; and this perilous and arduous office was tendered to Dr. Bascom, by the Board at Washington, which he promptly accepted. A more dangerous position could not have been assigned to him at that time. The movements of the Colonization Society were

then regarded with extreme jealousy and distrust by the entire south. The society was believed to be hostile to the "peculiar institution," and its efforts met with the same violent opposition, denunciation, and threatenings, in the south, that afterward attended the action of the abolitionists. Indeed, colonization was, at that time, very little understood, and was regarded as synonymous with abolition. The people of the south were consequently most bitterly opposed to it, and in a state of violent excitement at the time Dr. Bascom accepted his mission

His instructions were, to proceed to New Orleans, and, after conferring privately with a few persons who were known to be favorable to the movement, act as he thought most prudent. On arriving there, and consulting with his friends, he found that it would be a most hazardous undertaking to attempt to hold a public meeting; and, acting under the advice of those with whom he consulted, he determined to leave the city without publicly announcing the object of his visit. He had, however, spoken in several places in Kentucky before going to New Orleans, and, his position being known, his arrival had, therefore, created considerable excitement. This so rapidly increased that a meeting was held by a number of citizens, at which several inflammatory speeches were delivered, and a resolution passed requiring him to leave the city. A committee of furious and excited individuals was appointed to wait on him, and notify him to leave within twenty-four hours, or take the consequences. At this time the Hon. Mr. Dawson, of St. Francisville, afterward a member of Congress from Louisiana, a bold, gallant, and impulsive man, was on a visit to New Orleans. He was a man of real mettle, and no excitement ever arose, where he was, that he did not join one side or the other, and, generally, he was inclined to the weaker side. True to his nature, when the excitement arose against Dr. Bascom, Dawson, although he was, personally, a total stranger to him, assumed a bold stand in his defense, and immediately set about a plan for his protection. How he succeeded we shall presently see.

The committee called on Dr. Bascom, informed him of the excited state of public feeling, and ordered him to leave the city in twenty-four hours, or take the consequences, which, they asserted, would be most serious. "Gentlemen," said he, in reply, "I had intended to leave to-morrow morning; but now, since you have ordered me to leave, I shall remain three days longer. I am an American citizen, and claim the right guaranteed to me by the Constitution of my country." The committee were thunderstruck by the boldness of this reply, and

hastily left the room.

The committee had scarcely disappeared before loud voices and the tramp of men were heard approaching the room. Anticipating something serious, Dr. Bascom arose, approached the door, and, looking into the hall, saw advancing toward him a large crowd of rough men, led by one who had the

air and dress of a gentleman. He fearlessly confronted them, and demanded the object of their errand. Mr. Dawson-for it was he who led this uncouth band—laughed, and assured him that he was his friend. The whole party were then invited into his room by Dr. Bascom, when Dawson informed him who he was, reassured him of his friendship, and explained the nature of his visit. "These," said he, "are all boatmen from Kentucky, Ohio, Virginia, Indiana, Missouri, and Tennessee. Most of them have heard you preach in times past: and those who have not heard you themselves, have heard of you from their mothers or their friends. When I heard of your danger, Mr. Bascom, I determined to go to the levee, and appeal to them for your protection; and you see the result. We've just met the committee, and I told them if they dared to touch a hair of your head-if they dared to put you in prison, we wouldn't leave a stone of their calaboose standing. There's a thousand more such brave boys as these at the levee, and they all swear they'll die for you." Overpowered by the chivalry of Dawson, and the manliness and affection of the hardy boatmen, Dr. Bascom wept, as the brave and the good only can weep, as he returned his heart-felt thanks. That night the streets in the vicinity of the hotel at which Dr. Bascom was stopping were alive with the brave, honest boatmen of the west, each one ready to peril his life in defense of the "great preacher." But no violence was attempted; and before he left the city, Dr. Bascom had the pleasure of organizing a promising colonization society, many of the most influential citizens becoming life members.

Leaving New Orleans, Dr. Bascom proceeded up the river to Natchez. He had previously written to a friend to procure a church, in which he wished to deliver a public discourse in favor of colonization. The church of Dr. Potts, who afterward had the controversy with Dr. Wainwright of New York, had been secured for that purpose; and when he arrived, which was about the appointed hour, Dr. Bascom proceeded directly to the place of meeting. He was met at the door by the leading members of the Methodist Church of that city, and also by Dr. Potts, all of whom implored him not to attempt to speak. They declared that the public mind was highly incensed against him, and that there were at that time a number of armed men in the church determined to use violence if he attempted to speak. This did not in the legst intimidate him; but, resisting all their importunities, Dr. Bascom marched directly through the church, and ascended the pulpit. Knowing that delay was dangerous, he did not take his seat, but turning to the audience, he told them that he was aware of the excited state of public feeling-aware of threatened violence; but he asked, as a right, to be heard before being condemned-to be heard one hour-and then he would submit to any punishment of which he might be deemed deserving. The words were uttered rapidly, and were promptly answered by a man who

arose in the midst of the audience, and cried, with an oath, that he should be heard. This was the same Mr. Dawson who had played so conspicuous a part in his behalf at New Orleans. He had learned Dr. Bascom's destination, and, with the same chivalrous spirit which led him at first to espouse his cause, had, unknown to him, gone to Natchez to aid in his protection. And here his voice triumphantly prevailed. He was answered by an almost unanimous agreement to hear what Bascom had to say, at least for one hour. Accordingly, the address was commenced; and never before did the eloquent speaker labor more powerfully and effectively. exciting circumstances under which he was placed seemed to act as a kind of inspiration, and nerve his soul to one of the noblest efforts of eloquence.

"His words seemed oracles,
That pierced their bosoms; and each man would turn
And gaze in wonder on his neighbor's face,
That with the like dumb wonder answered him.
You could have heard
The beating of your pulses while he spoke"

And when his hour expired, such wonders had he wrought in the minds of his hearers, that the cry of "Go on! go on!" was heard throughout the immense assembly. The orator proceeded for more than an hour longer; and at the conclusion of his address took up a collection for the Colonization Society. Those who so recently were ready to tear him to pieces, now rushed eagerly forward to contribute in aid of the great cause. The collection of that day was the largest received by Dr. Bascom in any city of the south, with the single exception of the city of Nashville.

After this Dr. Bascom delivered addresses at a number of villages in Louisiana. He was accompanied to these places by the gallant knight, Mr. Dawson, who seemed to take delight in such adventures. Wherever he went he met with bitter opposition. The whole country seemed to be on fire. At St. Francisville Mr. Dawson discovered that a plot had been formed by a few reckless characters to waylay Dr. Bascom on his journey from that place. But this did not intimidate either of these fearless spirits. Preparing for the emergency, they openly set out on their journey, and reached their destination unmolested.

But it is unnecessary to follow the noble missionary of colonization further in his travels. I consider his achievements in this cause as entitling him to a wreath of glory as unfading as any that ever encircled the brow of the conqueror or the statesman. For, notwithstanding the fiery opposition he encountered throughout the south, wherever he could obtain a hearing, his genius and his eloquence were triumphant.

"Tis thus the spirit of a single mind Makes that of multitudes take one direction, As rolls the waters to the breathing wind."

I have thus briefly and imperfectly sketched a few incidents of the life of this great and good man, in the hope that their perusal may interest and benefit the reader. These incidents are derived from unquestionable authority; and I am sure that they fully sustain the high estimate that has been placed upon the genius and character of Dr. Bascom. He was a true man and a true Christian. He nobly performed his duty while he was permitted to live, and finally received the embraces of the king of terrors with the calm serenity of an unfaltering faith. He is gone forever from the field of his earthly labors, but the influence of those labors will never perish. He is gone, but he is not dead; for

"Can that man be dead
Whose spiritual influence is upon his kind?
He lives in glory; and his speaking dust
Has more of Me than half its breathing mold."

DAYS OF WINTER.

BY ERWIN BOUSE,

THE night! the winter's night! who lingers not to admire, and contemplate, and be enraptured with its magnificence? Look up, look round, look every-where.

"Heaven's ebon vault. Studded with stars unutterably bright, Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls, Seems like a canopy which Love had spread To curtain her sleeping world. You gentle hills, Robed in a garment of untrodden snow; You darksome walls, whence icicles depend So stainless, that their white and glittering spears Tinge not the moon's pure beam; you castled steep; Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn tower So idly, that wrapt fancy deemeth it A metaphor of peace-all form a scene Where musing Solitude might love to lift Her soul above this sphere of earthliness; Where Silence undisturbed might watch alone, So cold, so calm, so bright, so still."

If we feel disposed to complain, let us remember that our winter is infinitely more tolerable than that of those who live circumambient the poles. Let us think of the poor Greenlander and the poor Laplander, unvisited by spring or autumn; forlorn, destitute, and exposed to beasts of prey; sheltered but miserably in huts; dwelling amid absolute sterility, and shut up in almost perpetual frost and night.

Let us also remember, in our own land, the indigent and the miserable. Let us think of those whose poor hovels and shattered panes can not screen them from the piercing blasts and cold. Let us think of those who are struggling with poverty, whose tattered garments can scarce cover their shivering limbs, and who, after having parted with their last farthing for fuel and for bread, are preparing to lay themselves down and die.

Observe, reader, in winter a striking exhibition of the transitory nature of the beauty, effulgence, and riches spread over the natural world. But yesterday the bright profusion was here; now it is

gone—gone forever—to be to us no more than the earliest beauty of Eden. "The change is as if some celestial countenance had for a while beamed in smiles on the earth, but were now averted to some other world; and then the earth had no power to retain the glory and beauty; they disowned and left it; and left us on the bare ground over which the vision of enchantment had been spread."

Think of the brevity, the change, and the sad vicissitudes of human life. Think of health, and bloom, and vigor destroyed by sickness and disease. Think of delightful hopes, "shedding spring and summer on the heart," suddenly and forever extinguished. Think of prosperity changed to adversity, expectation to sorrow, wealth to poverty, and the sunshine of life to the darkness of despair. Think of thyself. Behold a picture of thy life:

"Pass some few years,
Thy flowery spring, thy summer's ardent strength,
Thy sober autumn fading into age;
And pale, concluding winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene."

Think of the rapid and resistless march of time, the close of the year, and the certainty of thy death.

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR! O, what an hour of sad and solemn feeling to the thoughtful heart! How months seem crowded into moments! How vividly every sin, every bereavement, every sorrow, comes into remembrance before us! How little have we served God! how little have we read his word! how little have we sought his guidance! and yet how much have we served the world, and the things of the world, which perish with their using!

The bleak winds of winter sweep over the graves of many we once knew in life. Another winter—and they may sweep over ours. The snows descend and rest heavily on the bosoms of those we once loved in life. Another winter—and they may rest upon ours. Their spirits are now resting with the Savior above. They are drinking from the crystal streams, and walking the golden streets, and striking their harps in the New Jerusalem—the city of our rest. When shall we meet them there? If faithful to our God on earth, we shall soon be welcomed home. Yes,

"When the dream of life is fled,
When its wasted lamp is dead,
When in cold oblivion's shade,
Beauty, wealth, and power are laid,
Where immortal spirits reign,
There shall we all meet again."

LINES BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

BLESSED be thy name forever,
Thou of life the guard and giver!
Thou canst guard thy creatures sleeping;
Heal the heart long broke with weeping.
God of stillness and of motion,
Of the desert and the ocean,
Of the mountain, rock, and river,
Blessed be thy name forever!

THE AMUSEMENTS AND ENVIRONS OF PARIS.

PROM OUR PREMON CORRESPONDENT.

No city in the world can boast more beautiful environs than Paris. It is true that the basin in which the city lies presents no grand or magnificent features, no towering hights, no granite cliffs; that the adjacent country is generally level, and owes its fertility to the labors of the agriculturist; and yet the many small elevations that raise their soft outlines in every direction, the beautiful Seine-emphatically "the winding river"-showing itself so ubiquitously between green meadows or beneath lines of low, bushy foliage, the innumerable palaces and chateaus with their magnificent parks, and the bright sunshine diffused over the whole scene through the greater part of the year, all conspire to render the neighborhood of this metropolis of the modern world a very delightful region for the excursions of every class of pleasure-seekers.

Merely to enumerate all these favored spots, which, from their especial beauty or historic associations, are always thronged on Sundays and holidays by crowds of Parisians, who let slip no opportunity of getting out into the country, and by travelers in search of the interesting or the picturesque, would require almost the space allotted to the present letter; and we must content ourselves with naming, as among the most conspicuous, Sceaux with its superb château, built by Colbert, Mendon, Marlay, Malenaism, and Versailles, monuments of the splendor, the pride, and the extravagance of Louis XIV; Fontainebleau, with its palace of enormous extent, its immense forest, and its delicious grapes; Neuilly, whose chateau was the favorite summer resort of Louis Philippe and his family; St. Cloud, with its palace, where occurred the events of the 18th Bramaire, which placed Bonaparte at the head of the French government, and which became the favorite retreat of the Emperor and Empress during their short glory; Sèvres, renowned for its unequaled porcelain; St. Cyr, with its institution, founded by Madame de Maintenon, for the education of two hundred and fifty young ladies of noble birth, but impoverished fortunes, and whither the uncrowned wife of Louis XIV, called usually le Grand Roi, retired to die, since converted by Napoleon into a military school; St. Denis, from time immemorial the burying-place of the kings of France, till the thunderbolts of the Revolution of '93 tore up and scattered its relics and ornaments, of which it had a richer store than any other church in the kingdom, and destroyed the Oriflamme, or sacred flag of France, which had always been religiously guarded in the abbey; Laresues, where takes place the pretty ceremony of "crowning the Rosiere," on the Sunday following St. Louis' day-August 25th; St. Ouen, with its palace, its subterranean storehouses for storing corn, which, though kept in them for years, is as good as when first reaped, and its immense ice-houses, which send to Paris some

eight millions of pounds of ice every year; St. Germainen-Lage, whose history is almost an epitome of that of the sovereigns of France, famous for its semi-annual fairs, and renowned for a superb terrace constructed by Henry IV, a mile and a half in length by one hundred feet in width, commanding one of the finest views in Europe; Rambouillet; Romainville; Passy, where Piccini lived, and where Bellini died; Poissy, where the famous conferences took place, in 1561, between the doctors of the Catholic and Protestant faiths; and Asiuères, with its beautiful park, now renowned for the magnificent fêtes gotten up there for benevolent and other purposes. In addition to the beauty or historic interest of these places, a festival is held at each of them on the day dedicated to its patron saint; and as these festivals, or fêtes, are in great vogue here, immense crowds of people, not only from Paris, but from all the country round, are attracted to each in succession as the year rolls round.

The greatest and most important of these fêtes is that of St. Cloud, a village about five miles west of Paris, beautifully situated on the hilly bank of the Seine, and commanding a most glorious view of the surrounding country—rich in vineyards—of the blue and meandering river, of the famous Wood of Bologne, where the Parisians fight their duels, and of the white city of Paris, with its spires, domes, and wind-mills.

But this view is so beautiful, that before taking you, dear reader, down into the merry bustle of the fête, held in the beautiful alleys of the "Lower Park," where the long lines of booths and tents show so gayly beneath the towering trees, we would fain persuade you to mount with us through the upland glades of "the High Park," and gaining the open, grassy expanse at the top of the hill, where stands the monument called the Tower of Diogenes, erected by Napoleon, after the tomb of Lysicrates at Athens, let you see and enjoy for yourself the fair panorama spread out before you.

Glancing down those fine wooded alleys to the right, you perceive the village of Sevres, on the sunny hill-side; to the left, the palace, with its artificial lake, its long avenues bordered with oleanders and orange-trees placed alternately, in large green tubsafter the fashion of all French palaces-nestling in an amphitheater of verdure, with grassy lawns sloping upward all around it, enameled with flowerbeds, studded with clumps of lofty trees and groves of every diversity of foliage, statuary, fountains, ponds, and canals, gleaming through every opening, and two or three pretty, fanciful bridges, spanning the railroad which has recently been opened through this charming domain. The palace, though of no very great extent, is admirably arranged, and many of the rooms are of great beauty. It contains, among other admirable works of art, a series of tapestries, after the pictures by Rubens, representing the principal events in the life of Marie de Medicis, now in the Louvre, of remarkable beauty;

several enormous vases of Sèvres porcelain, mounted on pedestals of marble, incrusted with exquisite little bas-reliefs in white porcelain-vases which are as wonderful for their richness and beauty of decoration as for their gigantic proportions; tables of petrified wood; and a curious clock, with twelve dials, marking the hours of as many capitals of Europe. Nothing can be more beautiful than these long suites of elegant rooms, every particle of whose walls and ceilings, enriched by the art of the sculptor, the carver, and the painter, gilded and polished with the utmost care, presents a point of beauty to the eve. The floors also, inlaid and waxed almost to the brightness of a mirror, add greatly to the effect of these apartments-their rich, warm tone harmonizing with, and softening the effect of the colors, the crystals, and gilding of the walls, and the vaulted ceilings. But it is impossible to pass through these old historic dwellings, now empty of all inhabitants, save the guides who lead and the visitors who follow, without a feeling of sadness; the form is there, but the animating spirit is wanting. The old worn-out dynasties are gone, leaving few to regret them; but that which shall succeed them is as yet in the urn of the future; and these palace-homes remain without occupants, silent and sad, in spite of their splendor. The chateau of St. Cloud was built in 1572, by a rich financier of Paris; was held by four bishops of Paris in succession, all of his family; bought by Louis XIV for his brother, it continued in the family of Orleans till purchased by Marie de Antoinette. After the Revolution, it became the favorite abode of Napoleon and Josephine, and as such is now greatly affected by the "Prince-President," who loses no opportunity of imitating his illustrious uncle in any such small matters as lie within his reach. Far to our right and left rises a range of upland, diversified with woods, villages, and forts; at our feet winds the blue Seine, which we have crossed several times in coming hither from Paris; and before us, in the wide horizon, is spread the great city, basking in the sunlight; which brings out, in bold relief, the towers of Notre-Dame, and of St. Sulpice with its telegraphs; the grand domes of the Pantheon, the Institute, and the Val de Grace; the white top of the Observatory, that shows like a great soap-bubble or an inflated balloon; the Arch of Triumph, and the hights of Montmartre, overlooking the city, and crowned with a line of antiquated wind-mills, that look like the ghosts of a departed industrial world, as they stand there, whirling their shadowy arms, and seem to form a connecting link between the ponderous implements, the long and heavy effort, the various "slow coaches" of the past, and the rapid, electric present, impersonated in the rush and stir of the great city spread out at their feet.

And now, by graveled pathway, beneath lines of overarching trees, whose long perspectives, filled with green and golden light, call to mind the solemn beauty of Gothic aiales, past the superb jet

which throws up its feathery column to the hight of one hundred and forty feet, and between the various beauties of the High and the Low Cascade, where sculptured masonry and falling waters vie together in producing fantastic effects, terminated by a canal two hundred and sixty-one feet in length by ninety-three in width, we descend into the Lower Park, and find ourselves in the midst of the fete. What crowds of promenaders fill the magnificent alley! At least one hundred thousand persons are gathered here at this moment. Down its whole length are booths filled with every variety of merchandise, ball-rooms, restaurants, theaters, circuses, swings, fortune-tellers, and lotteries; we have a giant fish who raises himself on his fin, kisses his young mistress, and says "papa;" a young girl, nine years old, weighing nearly a hundred pounds for each of her years; conjurers; gymnasts; a magic mirror, in which "all young ladies can see their future husbands, young men their wives, at any hour of the day or night, for two sous, the military for one sous"-there is a large garrison here, and they count much on the soldiers; a wild, seedy-looking philosopher, in the midst of a quantity of wonderful brass instruments, ready to give electric shocks to all who desire them, and glances at the moon through a great telescope as soon as the fair "Queen of Heaven" shall show her silvery face; rope-dancers; a rabbit composed, apparently, of a member borrowed from every other small animal under the sun, and having nothing of the rabbit about it except its head; and little games of skill without number, where the winner gains a dozen wretched-looking maccaroons. Bands of musicians are stationed on the little platforms at the front of these various "attractions;" where are also troops of tumblers, dancing-girls, little children standing on their heads, all arrayed in the most fantastic finery; and stentors, armed with bells, setting forth the delights of their entertainment, and exhorting the crowd to enter; and all these are drumming, fifing, fiddling, dancing, shricking, and ringing their bells together! Nothing can surpass the clamor, unless it be the perfect good-humor of the densely-packed and slowly-moving mass of promenaders; for it is a curious fact, that the Parisians are never so much at home, so happy, so every way comfortable, and at ease, as in a crowd, and the greater the crowd the happier they find themselves. The children even, in their mothers' arms, become so perfectly habituated to being in a crowd, that they no more think of crying at sight of strangers, or in hearing a bustle, than a warhorse thinks of starting at the sound of a cannon. The greater part of this immense crowd is composed of the so-called "lower classes"-that is, of men in blouses, and women in little muslin caps, worn here by every thing of the feminine gender below the rank of a "lady"-but among them are a great number of the wealthy and aristocratic, who have come to amuse themselves with looking on, leaving their elegant equipages among the

hundreds of plebeian conveyances that fill every thoroughfare leading to the park.

Some of the numerous lotteries are very ingenious, and are all accessible for the sum of two sous. Here we see a couple of miniature railway trains, side by side; you bet on one of them, and give a jerk to the handle that sets them both in motion; if the one you have bet upon wins, you find yourself the happy possessor of the prize affixed to whatever number you have gained; and in this way the two sous you have paid for your chance will have brought you in a handsome return-china vases, jewelry, articles in glass, of more or less value, etc., as the case may be. A little further on we come to a large square trough filled with water, and bordered by flowers, in which are two little boats, manned with rowers; you give a pull to the machinery which sets them in motion, and if the one you wish wins in the race round the mimic pond, you are successful again. This aquatic scene, quite artistically combined, the little manikins in the rival boats rowing away with might and main, is really a pretty sight, seen by the lamplight that has now succeeded to daylight, and throws all the children into ecstasies. There is no end to these little lotteries, which are in high favor here; but their morality is, to say the least, highly questionable, and their effect might well be injurious to the young and the ignorant.

But the swings! the horrid whirling swings, into which silly creatures-as many grown men and women as children-permit themselves to be fastened, when the whole concern, with its dozen of hanging seats, is set in movement, and their unfortunate occupants go up and down, describing an immense circle, as though seated on the rim of a revolving wheel! And the laughing, and the screaming, and the begging to be stopped and taken out! Another favorite swing is composed of a ring of little wooden horses, hung about a yard from the ground, and moving horizontally. A party of ladies, and gentlemen, and children, you perceive, are already seated, merrily coursing it together, and the children are by no means the merriest of the set. Away they go, faster, and faster; and with sticks, to whose point a hook is attached, each tries to bear off an iron ring, hung from a beam overhead, as he whirls by! The victor here, also, gains a prize; but this feat is difficult, and winners are rare. France is a veritable paradise for children; they are always in the open air; and the grown people retain so much of the light-heartedness and love of play of their youthful days, that the children are never restrained, kept at arm's length, or treated with the dignified condescension which so often falls to their lot elsewhere. You will not have heard a rough or crusty word to a child all the time we have been among them, nor any of those little speeches, purporting to come down from some higher regions, which parents and elders elsewhere are so apt to utter to children. On the contrary, young and old share the same sports, and amuse

themselves together; and the children are happy and merry as little crickets, and, in general, are very handsome. The French have, however, the oddes t vocabulary of little pet names, with which they address the children: "my cat," my doe," "my little one," "my poor mother," "my little cabbage," and a score of others that are literally untranslatable, and applied equally to children of both sexes. But it is growing late. We can only glance, en passant, into the merry ball-rooms, improvised in tents, but glittering with chandeliers, flags, and decorations, where the blouses and little caps are footing it merrily; we throw a penny to a little mite of a boy, in the midst of a circle of listeners, singing a "comic song," which, in his prematurely-hoarse, cracked voice, has become very tragic, and accompanying himself on a violinpoor little creature! it is sad to see childhood thus sold in the market; and, laden with baskets, wooden flutes, dolls, gingerbread, bonbons, china mugs and vases, canes, and the trophies of our lottery-successes, we leave the gayly-lighted, flower-decked booths, the motley crowd, and the deafening noise, and having-not without difficulty-made our way to the carriage or the railroad, in which our seats are bespoken, we whirl back to Paris, and betake ourselves to our slumbers.

LILIES OF THE PUREST SNOW.

BY MRS. R. A. SEARLES.

LILIES of the purest snow On Afric's arid bosom grow; Maiden of the crisped hair, Wore you e'er a garb so fair? Lilies of a milky hue, Shaded with the softest blue, Japan hillocks gayly dress, Richer than their nobles' vest. Lilies of a crimson glow On the far-spread prairies grow; Indian maiden of the west, Wore you e'er so choice a dress? Lilies of a scarlet dye Glow beneath a southern sky; Fair one, with thine eye of light, Wore you e'er a robe so bright? Garments of refulgent shade David's royal son arrayed; Yet the lily on its stem Far outshone his diadem. Do not seek with anxious care What you shall hereafter wear; See the lily of the plain, And know that all your cares are vain. God, who clothes, with vestments rare, Lilies which so transient are, Will he not his children dres Children he delights to bless?

THE CENTRAL IDEA; OR, GOD ALL IN ALL.

BY IMOGEN MERCEIN.

"Thus in the natural, mental, moral world,
Almighty Father! be it mine to read,
With deep and grateful love, the sacred trath
Traced in no doubtful characters; and still
From the dear lesson may I gather strength
To tread, with willing feet, the appointed way,
The narrow way, that leads to heaven and thee."

INTELLIGENT mind, even in this its fallen state, is a denizen of three worlds, in many respects distinct in their character and operations-the physical, the mental, and the moral. To each of these there is a center and circumference of truth; but mind, restless, aspiring, philosophic mind, has, in too many instances, failed to press upward to the center, and equally failed to pause at the circumference. Enamored with the uniformity of nature's laws, they have not looked through nature up to nature's God; tracing cause and effect through an almost endless variety of physical and mental phenomena, and exulting in the perfection of each connecting link which their finite minds permitted them to grasp and trace, they could not-because of their proud rejection of that faith which alone could enter the invisible-see the last link fast hold upon the glorious throne of the Eternal. And, on the other hand, failing to pause at the limit which revelation had assigned on some points, and which their limited capacities made necessary upon others, unwilling to know in part, and to prophesy in part, till that which is perfect is come, and that which is in part shall be done away, they have plunged into the regions of metaphysical speculation, and lost themselves in the labyrinth of transcendental vagaries.

The majority of minds rest satisfied with facts. They see the apple fall without one admiring thought of the wonderful principle of gravitation, or watch the planets move in regular and stately procession, and dream not of the equal balance of centrifugal and centripetal force. They act, and ask not how they will to act; they choose without a thought of the existence of free will, or the comparative strength of motives. They feel; but the analysis of emotion is to them as the terra incognita of the ancients.

There is another class, who, while they lack the native power of originating great truths, or of tracing the effects they note to the causes which produced them, exult to follow where greater minds have led, to grasp principles which mighty intellects have made plain, and thus—it may be painfully and slowly—with inexpressible delight, obtain a glimpse of science or of moral truth, and wait, in trembling hope, for those expansions of that upper world where we shall know as we are known.

But there is a third class—the ten-talented few—in whom are combined "the triple nobility of nature, culture, and faith;" with original power to grasp truths, however occult, with microscopic vision to discern them even in the feebleness of their germinating struggle, and to trace them through every gradation of cause and effect, till, with more than telescopic power, they "enter within the vail," and apprehend the God who is the creator and upholder of all things, whether animate or inanimate.

In each of the three departments of matter, of mind, and of spirit, have such as these been foundmen of strong intellect, of vast learning, of sanctified affections; and we give our illustrations as striking exemplifications of the fact, that sanctified mind, in whatever direction it travels, can find but one and the same resting-place; we give them as a foreshadowing of the glorious Scriptural truth, that, while in heaven, immortal mind, freed from every obstruction, shall soar and expand to almost illimitable extension, and knowledge of every kind shall be poured, in overflowing tides, in powers thus made capable of reception, and hearts, purified by the "grace of God," and filled with all the fullness of redemption's purchase, shall dilate and swell with the untold raptures of a full and final probation, every mind and every heart, all thought and all feeling shall be absorbed by the one great, abiding, realized truth, that "God is all in all."

Our first illustration is drawn from the study of phyiscal science. In Chalmers' Astronomical Discourses the idea is beautifully amplified, and expressed with a power never exceeded in language; but it is given in a more condensed form in Dick's Philosophy of a Future State, from which we make an extract. After having described the magnitude of the universe, shown the probability that each fixed star is a sun, and the center of a solar system equal, if not far superior, to that of which our earth forms a part, thus enlarging the field of vision, and crowding the imagination with scenes too glorious for expression, he crowns the whole by the conception of a central orb, from which all these derive their vitality and light, and which may be the abode of pure and lofty intelligences, yea, even of the incarnate Deity. If this is, in reality, the case, it may, with the most emphatic propriety, be termed

the throne of God:

"This is the most sublime and magnificent idea that can possibly enter into the mind of man. We feel oppressed and overwhelmed in endeavoring to form even a faint representation of it. But, however much it may overpower our feeble conception, we ought not to revolt at the idea of so glorious an extension of the works of God, since nothing less magnificent seems suitable to a Being of infinite perfections. This grand central body may be considered as the capital of the universe. From this glorious center embassies may be occasionally dispatched to all surrounding worlds, in every region of space. Here, too, deputations from all the surrounding provinces of creation may occasionally assemble, and the inhabitants of different worlds mingle with each other, and learn the grand outlines of those physical operations and moral transactions which have taken place in their respective spheres. Here may be exhibited to the view of unnumbered multitudes objects of sublimity and beauty which are no where else to be found within the wide extent of creation. Here intelligences of the highest order, who have obtained the most sublime hights of knowledge and virtue, may form the principal part of the population of this magnificent region.

"Here the glorified body of the Redeemer may have taken its principal station as 'the head of all principalities and powers;' and here Enoch and Elijah may reside, in the mean time, in order to learn the history of the magnificent plans and operations of Deity, that they may be enabled to communicate intelligence respecting them to their brethren of the race of Adam, when they shall again mingle with them in the world allotted for their abode after the general resurrection.

"Here the grandeur of the Deity, the glory of his physical and moral perfections, and the immensity of his empire, may strike the mind with more bright effulgence, and excite more elevated emotions of admiration and rapture than in any other province of universal nature. In fine, this vast and splendid central universe may constitute that august mansion referred to in Scripture under the designation of 'the third heaven,' 'the throne of the Eternal,' 'the heaven of heavens,' 'the high and lofty place,' and 'the light that is inaccessible and full of glory.'"-

Our next illustration belongs more peculiarly to the mental world. It is taken from the "Life of Dr. Chalmers," and shows the struggles and the resting-place of one of the mightiest minds that ever dwelt in clay; and this before he became the subject of those higher influences which subsequently ushered him into the reign of deep experimental Christianity. And yet we class it with sanctified mind, because, though only partially enlightened, he was still sincerely seeking God.

While a student at Glasgow he pursued the study of geometry, mathematics, and mental philosophy with almost unequaled ardor. Without attempting the enumeration of the various theories examined and abandoned, or venturing an opinion as to the orthodoxy of those he finally embraced, we quote the expression of the idea we wish to make prominent. Speaking of this period, Professor Duncan says, "He studied Edwards on Free Will with such ardor that he seemed to regard nothing else, could scarcely talk of any thing else, and one was almost afraid of his mind losing its balance." Planting his foot on the truth demonstrated, as it seemed to him, so irresistibly by Edwards, that fixed, unalterable links bind together the whole series of events, in the spiritual as well as in the material universe, he rose to the sublime conception of the Godhead as that eternal, all-pervading energy by which this vast and firmly-knit succession was originated and sustained and into a very rapture of admiration and delight his spirit was upborne. Rejoicing in the discovery, he rose as high, perhaps, as the kind of faith he cherished could carry him, and, in his twelve months' ecstasy, tested its full power to regale and satisfy the spirit.

Still, it was but a philosophic faith in the Godhead; a faith resting, as its main, if not only, support, on enlarged and sublime conceptions of a universe throughout the whole of whose immutable successions a sovereign principle of fixed and unvarying order reigns. Alluding to this singular period in his mental history, he has told a member of his family that not a single hour passed in which the overpoweringly-impressive imagination did not stand out bright before the inward eye; and that his custom was to wander, early in the morning, into the country, that, amid the quiet scenery of nature, he might luxuriate in the glorious conception. Looking back to this period twenty-four years afterward, he writes, "O, that He possessed me with a sense of his holiness and his love, as he, at one time, possessed me with a sense of his greatness, and his power, and his pervading agency. I remember, when a student of divinity, and long ere I could relish evangelical sentiment, I spent nearly a twelvemonth in a sort of mental elysium; and the one idea which ministered to my soul all its rapture was the imagination of the Godhead and the universal subordination of all things to the one great purpose by which he evolved and was supporting creation. I should like to be so inspired over again, but with such a view of the Deity as coalesced and was in harmony with the doctrine of the New Testament."

Our third and last illustration is found in the spiritual world; and, to prevent a misapprehension of our subject, we premise a few ideas. The renewing operations of the Holy Spirit are not confined to any class or grade of intellect. God, in his spiritual operations, neither destroys nor weakeps mind; but when the Holy Spirit comes he works on it just as he finds it, just what original gift, adventitious circumstances, and previous culture have made it. There is a class, of varied intellectual power, who never advance beyond the first rudiments of spiritual life. Various causes combine to produce this much-to-be-lamented fact. We need not pause to enumerate them, nor to show that, in the majority of instances, that issue might and ought to have been avoided.

There is a second class, not marked by intellectual superiority, who, morally considered, have reached a point of spiritual discernment and experience, compared to which the highest mere mental acquisition is as the light dust of the balance to the ponderous magnificence of the full-orbed sun.

But the third class, to which we haste, consists of those on whom are bestowed Heaven's richest gifts, in whom are united lofty, sanctified intellect, and intense and purified affections. Basing their philosophy of human nature upon the revelation of God's word, they contemplate man in the perfection of his original creation, dwelling amid the unsullied

loveliness of Eden's fair domain, with his mental and moral nature perfectly balanced and harmoniously blended, each power and faculty of the heart and mind aiding each other in more lofty and complete development as day succeeded day, and God, the author and the center of all he knew, or thought, or desired, was more and more perfectly apprehended. But as they gaze, "a change comes o'er the spirit of their dream." Man falls, and Eden's loveliness is succeeded by scenes of woe and desolation. "All the ills that flesh is heir to" appear before their saddened vision; and yet these are the brighter tints of that dark picture; for mental weakness and moral pollution create a scene of misery over which the God of nature mourned, to remedy which he became incarnate, bled, and died.

The scheme of redemption next appears; the promise of recovering grace falls upon the ear, and hearts mourning over their sinfulness, and minds conscious of a blinding influence, bound up in hope of perfect restoration, and start forth, with irrepressible desire, upon the path which leads to glory and to God. To such the one-absorbing question is, "To what extent is restoring grace designed to operate? How near to original perfection may redeemed man approach? What is the ultimate design of Redemption's glorious plan?" To answer this, they bring all their knowledge of science, all their study of philosophy, strictly so called, all their experience of human nature, whether from within or from without; they place all beneath the direct light of revelation; they seek the enlightening influences of the Holy Spirit, and to them is revealed, not as an abstract truth, but as a glorious, experienced reality, that while God, in his infinite wisdom, has not seen fit to restore man to the Adamic perfection of his intellectual nature, he does proffer to him a state of moral restoration which contains elements of strength, and beauty, and completeness which far surpass even the Eden of his aspirings. Minds like these take rank in the spiritual world with those of like caliber in the physical and in the mental. They are as Columbus; for, urged by the high impulse from within, and guided by the stars of heaven from without, they have led the way to an unknown world of spiritual light and beauty.

They are as Newton; for they have discovered that beneath Redemption's plan there is a gravitating power which would draw all souls to God their center, if, using the strength with which they are endued, men would but remove the counteracting influences of earth.

They have eclipsed a Franklin and a Morse; for, with more than electric power and telegraphic speed, they have learned to transmit their thoughts and desires to the throne of the Invisible; and while they are yet speaking, the answer comes. Before their lofty apprehension of the moral attributes of God, all ideas of mere physical grandeur, or even of intellectual perfection, become dim, and are viewed only as the media through which infinite

goodness and love is displayed to man. Gazing upon the glorious vision, they are changed into the same image, and shine forth, even upon earth, a fair though faint reflection of their worshiped Lord. And yet the fact should not, for one moment, be forgotten that their progress in spiritual learning has been gained in the same mode which insured advancement in the physical and intellectual departments. The rudiments were acquired in God's appointed way; further progress was gained by the utmost diligence and watchfulness; then the first principles were left, and they pressed onward to perfection.

Beneath the constant operation of the Holy Spirit every earthly cord was loosened, every selfish desire subdued, and, sooner or later, they reached a point where the last desire was surrendered, the last link of the chain was broken, the emancipation became perfect, and the enlargement immense. Illustrations of the experience of this state multiply upon our thoughts, while yet we find it difficult to

extract them in a condensed form.

Payson described it in his celebrated letter from the Land of Beulah; J. B. Taylor in his rapturous expressions of love, and joy, and hope; Lady Maxwell in her rapt and solemn intercourse with the triune Deity; Carvosso in his simple story of the omnipotence of living faith; Fenelon in his beautiful recorded prayer; Madame Guion when she emerged from her seven years' struggle into full and abiding victory and peace—when, with her devoted maid-servant, she composed and sung hymns in the prison of Vincennes, or, in the spirit of full submission and trust, endured the horrors of a lonely imprisonment in the Bastile.

It is described, in all its aspects, in "The Interior Life" and "Life of Faith," by Professor Upham; and, when it is spiritually discerned, its effulgent splendor eclipses all visions of mere physical grandeur, or the most perfect mental illumination. "Therefore, we will not attempt to pursue the topic any further than to say, that the state of union with God, when it is the subject of distinct consciousness, constitutes, without being necessarily characterized by revelations or raptures, the soul's spiritual festival, a season of special interior bless-

edness, a foretaste of heaven."

The mind, unaffected by worldly vicissitudes and the strifes and opposition of men, reposes deeply in a state of happy submission and quietude, in accordance with the expressions in the Epistle to the Hebrews, that they who believe "enter into rest." When the will of man, ceasing from its divergencies and its disorderly vibrations, becomes fixed to one point, henceforward always immovable, always harmonizing moment by moment with God's central and absolving purposes, then we may certainly say, that the soul, in the language sometimes applied to it, and in a modified sense of the terms, has become not only perfected in faith and love, but united and one with God, and trans, med into the Divine nature. "He that is joined to the Lord

is one spirit." And from that moment, in its higher nature, and so far as it is not linked to the earth by sympathies which its God has implanted—and which were smitten and bled even in the case of the Savior—the soul knows sorrow no more; the pain of its inward anguish is changed into rejoicing; it has passed into the mount of stillness, the Tabor of inward transfiguration, the temple of unchanging tranquillity.

We pause. Our aim has been to carry the mind, through physical organization, and mental discoveries, and moral renovation, up to God, the one great and glorious center, the only efficient cause of life, and light, and beauty; the "All in All."

Struggling amid the feebleness of human conceptions, how difficult to avoid an impatient desire to "see Him as he is!" May the anticipation of that glorious vision lead us, each and all, to "purify himself even as He is pure."

ISRAEL.

BY MORRS BROOKS, ESQ.

DISPERSED and exiled from the land
That gave to thee a nation's birth,
Thy broken bow and battle brand
Are felt and feared no more on earth.

Lost and degraded Israel now,

How art thou fallen! how depressed!
The deadly nightshade clouds thy brow,
And infidelity thy breast.

O, hadst thou known and understood
Thy Savior's call, "Come unto me!"
Then, as the hen protects her brood,
The Prince of Peace had sheltered thee,

But thou wouldst none of his reproof, In him no beauty couldst thou see, From all his teachings stood aloof, To die in infidelity.

But yet thy remnant tribes may turn,
With songs of joy to Zion's hill.
O, wherefore thy Messiah spurn?
He woos, and bids thee welcome still.

He yet invites thee; hear his cry,
"Ho! every one that thirsteth, come,"
Then, turn ye, wherefore will ye die?
He calls the exiled wanderer home.

Thy silent harp is heard no more, Upon the weeping willow hung, The tempest rudely swept it o'er, And hushed the melody it sung.

O, wake its slumbering chords again
To him who bled on Calvary!
The Lamb of God for sinners slain—
The Prince of Life, who died for thee.

FAREWELL TO THE OCEAN.

BY JOHN B. DR MOTTE.

OLD ocean, old ocean, they tell of thy roar,
As the wind-driven surges beat high on thy shore;
But I dread not thy billows, nor fear thou wilt
harm—

I love thee, I love thee, in calm or in storm.

The scenes of my childhood, my fondly-loved home, The friends of my youth have fled and are gone; All earth's full of changes, wherever I be— Old ocean, old ocean, no change is in thee.

Hard by thy dark waters, where sea breezes come, The wife of my bosom now sleeps in the tomb; My parents and kindred long since are no more; And I wander alone on thy surf-beaten shore.

These eyes have grown dim, these locks thin and gray,

The days of my life pass swiftly away; Not long shall I watch thee, as oft I have done— The time is approaching when I shall be gone.

When cold in the grave these weary limbs lie,
No stone telling where to the lone passer-by,
The sea-bird shall chant my sad funeral dirge,
As she dips her dark wings in thy white-crested
surge.

The grass and the flowers that grow round my grave Shall be fanned by thy breezes, and washed by thy wave;

And when the dark storms of old winter shall roar, I'll still sleep as sweetly on thy dreary shore.

The sorrows of earth with me will be done,
The storms of this life then passed over and gone;
My soul shall have fled with the blessed to dwell—
Old ocean, old ocean, I bid thee farewell!

LOST FEELINGS.

The following lines are from the pen of Rev. Robert Montgomery. They breathe the true spirit of poetry.

O! weer not that our beauty wears
Beneath the wings of Time;
That age o'erclouds the brow with cares
That once was raised sublime.

O! weep not that the beamless eye
No dumb delight can speak;
And fresh and fair no longer lie
Joy-tints upon the cheek.

No! weep not that the ruin-trace Of wasting time is seen, Around the form and in the face Where beauty's bloom has been.

But mourn the inward wreck we feel
As hoary years depart,
And Time's effacing fingers steal
Young feelings from the heart!

THE FATHER'S PITY.

BY EDWARD.

"Like as a father pitieth his child, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him."

Thou claspest a sweet babe to thy bosom; thou seest thine image in its countenance; thou kissest it, and returnest it to its mother's breast; thou art a father; what a fountain is opened in thy soul! As the mother turns and gazes upon the infant, she smiles, and then weeps.

"Why weepest thou?"

"O, the child is too beautiful; I fear it will not live!"

"Nonsense! superstition!" you cry, and, smiling, turn away; but you press a heaviness down upon the heart; and, as you walk the street, you inquire within you, What if the dear creature should die? and up to God your heart goes with the prayer that it may be spared. It is spared; and you mark its mind gradually unfolding, and feel its affections clinging to you with stronger and stronger power. At length it is your joy. It wakens you in the morning with its song,

"Sweet is the work, my God and King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth by night."

After you have kindled your fire, she leaps into your arms, and, with a kiss, says, "Papa, I love you dearly;" and then, dropping upon her knees, she lifts her little hands up, and says her simple prayer: "O, God, bless me and make me a good girl, and bless my papa and ma, and my dear little brother, and Mina, and Dr. H., and Professor M., and all the people, and forgive me if I have been

naughty. Amen."

With what pleasure do you watch her as she follows her little brother's footsteps to guard him from harm, and rocks her doll to sleep, or lays it in the eradle, and adjusts the curtains! With what inexpressible joy do you seat her by your side at the table, and satisfy her gentle calls for food! As you rise to go to your office she claims a kiss, and climbing at the window, with her little brother, she follows you with her vision as long as she can. Upon your return, while yet at a distance, you see her eyes sparkling through the window. As you draw near, you see her at the door to receive you with extended arms. "Pa," she cries, as you cross the threshold, "tell me again about the little angel that tendeth the flowers, and, in the quiet night, distills the cherishing dew upon their drooped heads."

O, how she drinks in your words, and shows, in her countenance, the emotions you would awaken! "Now, pa," she cries, "I will tell you a pretty story." Never did mortal listen to angel with more interest than you to the gentle movements of her lively and innocent fancy.

When care, or misfortune, or affliction clouds

your brow, she perceives it, and, climbing up into your lap, she throws her arms around you, and says, "Pa, I sympathize with you;" and, pressing you closer to her little bosom, she cries, "O, pa, what shall I do for you?" As evening draws near she comes to you, and says, "Now, pa, for our play!" and, getting down upon the floor, you enter with your little one into childish gambols, till the appointed hour for rest; then, after hearing an evening prayer and evening hymn, you lay her upon the pillow to sleep sweetly. At midnight, perhaps, she wakens, alarmed by her dream; but, calling for you, she lays her head in your bosom, and is again composed to slumber.

As spring advances you take her out, in the morning, to hail the rising sun, and at evening to see the moon walking in brightness, and the stars shining in her train. You cultivate flowers to please her; you dig, and sow, and plant, to promote her happiness, and you smile upon her with inexpressible delight as she runs to greet you over the little paths of the garden that you make for her

feet.

As summer advances you take her over the plain, bear her to her grandpapa's, and gather for her the most delicious fruits. As autumn approaches you point out to her, in your evening walk, the tints of the forest and the sky, and bid her listen to the song of the birds. When you gather in the fruits of the orchard she must help you carry the basket. When you kindle the dry stalks she must be in your arms. When winter comes you rejoice; for it gives you the

long evenings of fireside play.

You labor hard, and lay up money, and buy a house, and say, "This is your house, Maria. I have bought it for you; and I hope, erelong, to buy you a piano, that you may make music for pa and ma when you become a woman." "Yes, pa," she replies; and, seating herself before the stove, she says, "See how I will play for you when I grow taller." As you walk the street she runs before you, and there is no sound so sweet, to your ear, as the tramp of her feet upon the pavement. She walks with you to Church, and, during service, rises two or three times upon the bench-in the sight of the whole audience, hugs and kisses you. You press her upon your lap, and, looking up to heaven, with an overflowing heart, you say, "I thank thee, Lord of heaven and earth, for this sweet babe, the richest of thy mercies. I accept her, and hold her as thine. O, that I may not love her too much! O, that I may make no impression upon her heart but such as thou wilt approve! Every hour of her life has been a blessing to me. May every influence I exert expand her mind, be a blessing to her! and, after death, may we worship together in thine upper sanctuary!" Christmas comes, and you load her with presents, and see her heart overflow with gratitude. Before New-Year's, however, her eye grows languid, and her appetite fails, and her head aches; but she plays about you with an evident effort to please. New-

Year's morning beams, and she kisses you with gratitude and love. Among her New-Year's gifts is an accordeon. She draws it, and tries to be pleased; but the sound pains her, and she says, "Put it up; it makes my head sche." "Tis too obvious that she is sick; you call in the doctor, and present her with disgusting potions. She turns her head, and begs that she may be excused from taking; but she sees that it grieves you; she remembers that you are her father; she takes it without a murmur. Again and again is she called on to receive medicine, nor once does she refuse it, if it be given by her father. You say, as you are giving a nauseous dose, "O, daughter, you are so precious, so dutiful a child! What shall I buy for you?" "O, pa, I have so many presents now!" Sad words! how they load the heart! They show that, like the dying man, she feels but little interest in earth. But you try again to awaken her: "Shall I buy a new and beautiful house, and spread it with carpets, and hang it with curtains?" "O, no, pa; I want to live in this house where you live." She lays her head upon your arm, and says, "Please, pa, carry me round." O, how sad are your footsteps! "Pa, she says, "let me tell you a story. There was a little girl-and she died. What would you do if I should die? You would have no little daughter." You place her in the arms of the mother, and turn aside to weep.

And now it becomes too evident that the case is alarming. Shriek after shriek indicates agony and internal mischief. You call doctor after doctor to her bedside, and bid neighbor after neighbor to pray for her. At length she lies, with brain oppressed, saying only, "Mamma, papa," except when some painful application wrings from her the words, "O, dear!" As she lies in this situation, how you weep and pray! You go to God, and say, as the Savior in the garden, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me." "I am ready to be a cripple, a beggar, any thing so that my child be spared." You go again to the closet and say, "O, God, if consistent with thy will, let my life be given for the child's life. Nevertheless, thy will be done; thy will is best." But she dies; and you lay her velvet coffin in the grave. Home, formerly so sweet, now becomes insupportable. You carry the survivors with you in search of former friends and pleasant associations, fit to heal broken hearts. Months pass, and you return; but you find that your grief was only diked out, to rush over you, like a torrent, on your revisiting the scenes of your sorrow. You see the lost one at the door with her smiling face and open arms. You see her sparkling eyes through the window. You hear her merry laugh through the hall. You hear the echo of her footsteps on the pavement. You feel her warm kiss upon your cheek, and hear the sweet words, "Maria loves pa!" But the illusion vanishes, and the terrible reality comes over you. Whither will you turn? Not to the bed-room; there she slept in your arms. Not to the nursery; there she had her last illness. Not to the parlor; there she breathed her last. Not to the guest chamber; there she lay a corpse. Not to the kitchen; there she daily played. Not to the yard; there you marked trees with her name. Not to the garden; there you planted flowers for her. Not to the street; there she ran before you. Not to the field; there you drew her in her little carriage. When will you find relief? Not at morning; then she waked you. Not at evening; then she sported with you. Not at noon; then she sung to you. Not at midnight; then she felt for your bosom. Not at prayers; then she knelt by your side. Not at meal times; for her chair is empty on your right. Not in health; for then did you enjoy her society most. Not in sickness; then you saw her affection most. Time may allay your feeling; but you will go in the bitterness of your soul all your years, and, when your dying eye is closed, you will open your mental eye in the eternal world, and say, "O, my daughter, where

Now read the words, "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth." If afflicted, remember that it is the rod of a Father that is upon you. If bereaved, consider that thy Father presents the drugged cup to thy lips for spiritual healing. If tried, it is the Father educating the son for a higher life. If tempted, thy Father strengtheneth his child's faith. If disappointed, consider it is the Father taking the razor from the hands of the child. Have you sinned, and do you approach the throne of grace with a soul that sin has disorganized and moral death already grasped? know that it is a dying child coming to the bosom of a Father who so loved you that he not only offered, but gave his life for your ransom. Are you, though pardoned, cast down with a sense of your errors and improprieties, with the feebleness of your grace, and the strength of your besetments? remember that it is a father whom you approach—one who not only knows your sincerity, but who knows your frame, who remembers that you are but dust, "and who has appointed you a high priest touched with a feeling of your infirmities. But you say the father may forget his child. True, and the mother also; but God can not forget the Christian. O, could I believe this, how happy should I be! Well, why not? "O, God is so great! Lift up your eyes on high, and behold who hath created these things: that bringeth out their host by number: he calleth them all by their names." Can he be concerned with the path of a worm, or consider the sorrows of my poor heart? Alas! you have an evil heart of unbelief-the very feeling which leads to idolatry. Your notions of God are heathenish. Is he not infinite? Then "why sayest thou, O Jacob, and speakest, O Israel, My way is hid from the Lord, and my cause passeth unregarded by my God? Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? there is no searching of his understanding." If he notices every sparrow that

falls to the ground, and numbers every hair of your head, surely he giveth power to the faint, and they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength. If we are conscious that we love him, be assured God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things.

FRAILTY OF LIFE.

BY PILORIM

"Humble voyagers are we,
O'er life's dim, unsounded sea,
Seeking only some calm clime:
Glide us gently, gently, Time."

Passing away. In these two words, a thousand times quoted and a thousand times more to be quoted, how impressively is the condition of the world portrayed! We look around upon its scenes, its objects, and its inhabitants; they are here, they are passing away, and will soon be no more. The stream, hurrying from its mountain source, is passing away, and will soon be lost in the waters of the boundless ocean. The stately forest exhibits, here and there, signs of decay, and soon its pride and beauty will pass away. The works of man, "the cloud-capped tower, the gorgeous palace," will soon crumble into ruins; while of man himself it will be said, that he has lived—that he is dead.

We pass our years as a tale that is told. In the morning we are like the grass which groweth upin the morning it flourisheth and groweth up, in the evening it is cut down and withereth. Our life is a bubble-now blown, now bursting. Wave after wave swells up, on the sea of time, and sinks down again into the depths of eternity. As a leaf on the tree, liable to be destroyed by insects, or devoured by the beasts of the field, or scattered by the winds, so is man-frail man. Between the diseases and accidents to which human nature is exposed, how few, comparatively, reach old age! A vapor may cause our death, or our food poison us, or our house bury us in ruins. When we consider the extreme sensibility of our frame, the many fine and delicate parts of which it is composed, the derangement of any one of which may cause the dissolution of the whole-the wonder is that we live so long-"strange that a harp of a thousand strings should keep in tune so long." We open our eyes on a vale of tears, we weep awhile, and pass away. Some of us live to prove the bitterness of life; but of the many how truly it may be written, "They lie down, and rise not; till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep. They shall return no more to their home, neither shall their place know them any more!"

Were it not for the sad mementoes of our mortality, which meet us at every glance, our affections would soon become attached with such strength to the world, that the severance of earthly ties would be insupportable; but

> "Beneath our feet, and o'er our head, Is equal warning given; Beneath us lie the countless dead, Above us is the heaven."

This life, frail and transitory as it is, is continually guarded by a kind and tender Providence. Then let us repress all fear; for if life be short, our troubles will not be long. This life is the way; the other is the end. This one is the seed-time; the other the harvest. This one is our probation; the other our retribution. This is the land of changing seasons, mutation, and death; but that is the land of glory and changeless love,

"Where autumn is the mate of spring, And winter comes not withering."

"Full of sorrow!" Yes; but not to those who trust in God. Many are the afflictions of the righteous; but the Lord delivereth him out of them all. The Psalmist sung of life in elegies. Pain seemed the integer, pleasure the fractions of existence. Yet he exclaims, "Thy statutes have been my song in the house of my pilgrimage!" An exile and a wanderer among men, poor, friendless, and homeless, he felt that he had a conductor who would guide him safely through the wilderness, and bring him at last to the Mount Zion of God, the heavenly Jerusalem.

Though our path be dark and disconsolate, and our life be fraught with thousand evils and cares, there is an hour of deep and quiet repose at hand, when the body may sink into a dreamless slumber. "Let not the imagination be startled, if this restingplace, instead of the bed of down, shall be the bed of gravel, or the rocky pavement of the tomb. No matter where the poor remains of wearied man may lie, the repose is deep and undisturbed-the sorrowful bosom heaves no more, the tears are dried up in their fountains, the aching head is at rest, and the stormy waves of earthly tribulation roll unheeded over the place of graves. Let armies engage in fearful conflict over the very bosoms of the pale nations of the dead-not one of the sleepers shall heed the spirit-stirring trump, or respond to the rending shouts of victory. How quiet these countless millions slumber in the arms of their mother earth! The voice of thunder shall not awake them; the loud cry of the elements, the winds, the waves, nor even the giant tread of the earthquake, shall be able to cause an inquietude in the chambers of death. They shall rest securely through ages; empires shall rise and fall; the millennium shall come and pass away; the last great battle shall be fought; and then a silver voice, at first but just heard, shall rise to a tempest tune. and penetrate the voiceless grave. For the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall hear its voice."

[&]quot;HE who prays as he ought," says Dr. Owen, "will endeavor to live as he prays."

VIENNA AND THE VIENNESE.

BY WILLIAM WELLS,

PROFESSOR OF THE GERMAN LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

The usual approach to the Imperial City of southern Europe is by the waters of the "dark rolling Danube." The gorgeous domain is rich in all that is sublime and beautiful in nature, and, while tossing on its waves, the eye revels among hill and crag, mountain and cataract, monasteries and ruined castles, sown in the wildest confusion.

The magic power of steam has done much to rob the shores of this mighty stream of its romance, and its once solitary borders are now daily visited by noble steamers, that send their stentorian notes to echo through the ruins of the castled crags that tower over its banks. When within three miles of Vienna the mountains that for days have bounded the view of the traveler descending the stream, now open out into immense plains, that extend to Hungary, and lose themselves among the Carpathian Mountains. At the commencement of these plains, within three miles of the last spur of the Styrian Alps, lies the Imperial City. This last eminence is known as the Leopoldsberg; and, before entering the city, we will take a view from its summit.

Below us lies the extensive plain known as the Marchfeld, on which the victorious battles of Rudolph of Hapsburg laid the foundation of the Austrian empire. On the same field were fought the bloody battles against the Turks, under Kara Mustapha, and, at a later period, the great warrior-chief of modern times here gained the glory of Wagram and Aspera.

It is said that no less than two millions of souls have given up the ghost on this battle-field, and enriched its bosom with their blood. So great was the destruction of the Turks in earlier times, that the grape, now grown on the scene of one of their battles, yields a wine known as "Turk's Blood."

The city itself is surrounded by immense fortifications, and is entered only by means of a certain number of gates, that are strictly guarded by the officers of the city customs, who demand passports and exact excise or duty on all articles of consumption that pass the lines into the city. The first duty of the traveler is, therefore, to place himself on good terms with those gentlemen of the government, by submitting with good grace to a rigid examination of his baggage. This often gives rise to most ludicrous scenes, as their curiosity not unfrequently leads them beyond the bounds of propriety, in their zeal to serve his Majesty. Some articles are positively refused admittance, even on payment of duty. Among these is tobacco, it being a monopoly of the government, and the sale of it only made by those privileged by the government. Added to this, chewing-tobacco is an article entirely unknown in the Imperial 'dominions; and we well remember hearing an innocent young lady, in Vienna, ask an American gentleman, whom she saw biting off a

piece of "sweet Cavendish," which he had brought along with him, if he was eating chocolate! One of those amusing scenes with the officers of the excise took place between an American clergyman and his well-loved cake of "Cavendish" on the one side, and the said officers on the other. The minister was passionately fond of chewing, and had brought a generous stock with him. The queer appearance of the tobacco to the officers on the frontier had entirely deceived them as to its nature. and they let it pass muster. The attendants at the Vienna lines were, however, a little more rigid, and, with the assistance of their olfactories, ferreted out the forbidden weed. "You have tobacco, sir." remarked the official; "where is your certificate and permission received at the frontier?" Our clerical friend was perfectly innocent of having called the officers' attention to the tobacco, or any other article that he had any affection for, and was, consequently, without the "free papers" for his favorite. Having made known this fact, he was politely informed that his tobacco was confiscated, and he fined for an endeavor to evade the law.

"Fined! confiscated! Why, I am a minister. How dare you insult me with such a charge?"

"A minister! We beg your pardon, sir. If you will hand us your passport all your baggage will pass immediately and unmolested. We were unaware of your rank;" supposing him a diplomatic agent, from his use of a term which has no other meaning for them, and this courtesy being universally shown to government agents. Surprised and pleased at this sudden change in affairs, he handed his passport, which was, of course, a civil one. This was confusion worse confounded. They immediately perceived that he was not a diplomatic minister, and considered his story a ruse to outdo them. The clerical gentleman soon found himself arrested, and, after a long parley, succeeded in explaining the difference between minister of the Gospel and "ministre diplomatique," an error which an imperfect knowledge of the language had led him into, and a dilemma from which he did not escape entirely unhurt; for his tobacco was not given back to him, and for several days he wandered about among the Americans in Vienna, endeavoring to find one who could console him in his grief, and provide him with a morsel of "Cavendish."

Having arrived at the hotel with your baggage, the next most important step is to obtain the privilege to remain there. This is done by application to the "foreign bureau" of the police, whither your passport has been conveyed. Here the stranger must submit, with a good grace and an affable smile, to inquiries not very agreeable to one accustomed to the freedom of action now become a second nature to one brought up in this country. Having examined your passport, to ascertain your hight, complexion, color of your hair and eyes, length of nose, etc., you are politely asked the object of your visit, the length of time you propose to stay, your religion, whether Protestant or Cath-

olic; and even one's matrimonial affairs are not neglected: "Are you married, single, or a widower?" Finally: "Have you money enough to pay your expenses while you stay here; and can you give security that you will not go away without paying the debts you may contract?" Full satisfaction having been given on all these points, you receive a permission to remain for a certain time, at which period you must leave, or renew your permission.

The Yankees are called an inquisitive people; but some of these questions would hardly have issued from the cranium of Sam Slick, and, nevertheless, they are hourly asked by the Imperial government of Austria. Indeed, it may be said that every man's biography is at the police, and the Austrian authorities govern the people so much, that they can never learn to govern themselves. This supervision extends to every department of life, from the cradle to the grave. Certificates of birth, baptism, and entrance at school, are issued by the police department for these matters, and no institution of the country can be entered at a later period without presentation of the above in due form. Marriages can never take place without a permit issued by the government; and this permit is not easily obtained. A laboring man must prove his capacity to support a wife; and this by bringing a certificate from his employer that he earns a certain sum. We have known numerous instances where the amount of earnings have been falsely given, for the sake of procuring the permit; and, so far as our experience of the workings of this system extends, we would say the result is decidedly an immoral one. So many stumbling-blocks are thrown into the way of the poor man, that he frequently gives up in disgust the efforts to satisfy these demands, and becomes careless to the ceremony of marriage. In case of a foreigner marrying a native of Vienna, we have known the authorities to demand security from his government for the support of his family; and this of a native of the neighbring German state

In the higher classes, demands of a different nature are made. A Swedish merchant, of the Protestant persuasion, only received a permit to marry an Austrian lady, of the Catholic faith, after the solemn assurance, in presence of the Archbishop, that his family should be reared according to the doctrines of the Catholic faith. In another instance, a gentleman, who was a candidate for an office under government, brought home a Protestant lady from Switzerland as his wife. He was informed, in plain terms, that the marriage ceremony must be performed again, with the Catholic rituals, before he could receive a favorable reply. He was remarried, and is now an Austrian consul.

So alight and usual an occurrence as moving is reported to the police, and even the fact of receiving friends in one's house on a visit. In this way a complete biography of all the inhabitants is regularly kept in the archives, and each one has simply to apply to the police to know his own history.

An arm of the Danube passes through the city, and, in winter, is frequently frozen over sufficiently hard to admit of the manly exercise of skating. The moment that this begins to freeze the police department places a strong guard along the banks to prevent the boys from going on the ice and exposing themselves to danger. When supposed to be frozen sufficiently hard, it is submitted to tests, and, if the latter are satisfactory, the longing schoolboys, who, for days, have watched the ice and police with growing anxiety, are now allowed to give free rein to their juvenile desires.

In summer the same fatherly care is extended to those who show a partiality to the water. No one is allowed to enter the water in the immense public baths without first submitting to an examination of his swimming powers. This is done in the following manner: The master of ceremonies places a broad band around the waist, and to this is attached a long cord, which remains in his hand. Thus guarded, the subject jumps into the water; and, if his limbs exercise with a due degree of agility, he is soon liberated; if not, he is drawn out of the water, and ordered to take swimming lessons before entering into the deep bath. An amusing scene once took place there with the celebrated American gymnast, Risley, and his two sons. They had repaired to the bath on a warm day, and were about springing into the water, when they were informed that they would be obliged to submit to the above process, which was explained to them. Mr. Risley indignantly refused any such tutelage, and declined entering the water. He and his sons left the lower part of the bath, and repaired to the gallery for spectators above. In a moment all three of them were perceived turning somersets in the air, and came down into the water with a fearful splashing. The consternation of the swimmers below can be imagined. The singularity of their atmospheric passage put a stop to all inquiries as to violation of the rules; and it was soon whispered about that they were Americans, a circumstance which did its share toward convincing the bystanders that ours is a great country.

But we will turn to domestic life in the Imperial City, and, if the reader will accept an invitation to our home, we will have a friendly chat.

The street-door is open between the hours of five in the morning and ten at night, and guarded by a "portier," whom we call the house-master, though his duties consist in serving every one in it; and you will please observe that we are obliged to keep good hours; for if we come home one minute after ten o'clock we are fined three cents, and can not enter till we pay it. For this reason most places of public amusement close at half-past nine, and the streets are comparatively deserted by ten. It is needless to vindicate our character so far as to say that we are seldom fined, although the most careful may be sometimes caught. We ascend the heavy stone steps to the third story, and ring, just as we would ring at the street-door in our own city. In Vienna

families never have a house. They take apartments, furnished or unfurnished, as they wish; and all the requirements for a family are on the same floor, as parlor, sitting-room, dining-room, bedrooms, kitchen, etc.

The price of rent in the same house is guided by the story; and, although you may think it a little below par to be invited to the third, it is nevertheless pretty respectable, as we have a count below us and a baron above. Who lives above the baron is a question that never entered our minds, and we have never spoken to any one living in the house. Hundreds may pass up and down daily, and we know not whither they go nor whence they come. It is not uncommon to find from one to five hundred persons living in the same house; and there is one house in Vienna in which reside two thousand people, and all quite conveniently, according to their idea of things.

There are no yards in Vienna; and when the inhabitants desire fresh air they all repair to the handsome glacis which surrounds the city and separates it from the suburbs. Toward the close of a summer afternoon, nearly all the city repair, in full dress, to the fresh, green glacis, promenading and spying with opera or eye-glasses, and bowing to the ladies,

and kissing their hands.

The gentlemen kiss each other, on meeting, as our fair sex do at home; and we have more than once enjoyed a hearty laugh, in our sleeve, on meeting some fiercely-whiskered and mustached friend, and submitting to his hugs, and kisses, and "my dears," before the host of promenaders. During these charming performances, bands of music, stationed at different points, play lively tunes, and, altogether, we have a lively time.

But, dear reader, we beg your pardon for having left you at the door all this time. Do walk in and take a seat. We have no rocking-chair to offer you; but you will find our "grandfather's chair," as the Germans call it, an excellent substitute, and quite comfortable, and will wonder that we have no carpet on the floor; but carpet is hardly known here. In place of it you will perceive that our floor is made of nut-brown oak of all shapes—diamonds, oblongs, triangles, etc.—neatly fitted together, and so well waxed that it shines. Instead of having our floor scrubbed, or carpet shaken, we send for a waxer, who puts on shoes with brushes on the soles, and plies his legs merrily for an hour.

Our windows are double, like double glass doors, and open sideways like doors, instead of moving up and down; and we can open the outer or inner one as is most agreeable; or between the windows we can place ornamental bird-cages, or flowers. The walls are painted with figures, and the ceiling is also covered with ornamental designs in fancy colors. The handsome, white, figured porcelain side-board, which you see standing in the corner, turns out to be our stove; and the dear little figure of the goddess of love that stands so gracefully on the top of it, becomes sometimes so warm that it is dangerous,

for more reasons than one. The fire is always put into it from the back part, opening into the kitchen, and we never know any more about its operation than that we like to get very near it in cold weather. You have, no doubt, ere this, admired the charming canaries in the corner, and been astonished to hear them sing tunes from eminent composers. The air just finished by that lively little fellow that beats time on his perch with his foot, is the celebrated "Hunter's Chorus," and he will soon sing a waltz from Beethoven. These canaries are taught to sing in dark rooms where there is nothing to attract their attention, and where, from the time they are fledged, they hear nothing but the tunes which it is designed they shall learn. These tunes are played nearly all day long on organs constructed for the purpose, which can be wound up like a clock, and run for hours by means of weights. Several organs have been made for the purpose of teaching some young birds a number of our popular airs; and you may shortly hear the canary tribe reveling in "Yankee Doodle," "Old Dan Tucker," "Miss Lucy Long," etc. The birds are most successfully taught by a blind man, who has made himself famous by his success, and some of them are of great value. Birds are sometimes ordered from Paris, at a price of five hundred francs, and thence to a thousand.

And now, gentle reader, if you will honor us with your company at dinner, we shall be very happy to serve you with some German dishes. At first you must take a plate of beer soup, which you will pronounce delightful; and then, if you have no objection, a glass of Voslauer wine, which grows by the old convent that you see over there on you mountain. We will now serve you with some cantaloupes and sugar; although you will say that said cantaloupes are very much like pumpkins; but all cantaloupes are not so tender as ours. Or, if you prefer, we will hand you some fresh figs. But said figs are, in our humble opinion, very flat, and would improve with age. Here are, now, some very nice fish from the Danube, boiled in vinegar, which we would recommend more strongly if they were fried. Should this not be agreeable, we will order a dish of snails, stewed, fried, or reasted in the shell. These we can recommend strongly as being a very great favorite with Viennese epicures. They are raised by the million for the market of the capital. As a setoff to these, please help yourself to the plums and pastry; after which you will certainly relish the radishes and bread and butter, which will, perhaps, be followed by frozen meat jelly. Now comes a very delicate preparation of red cabbage and sugar, which we term "sweet crout," in contradistinction to sour crout, which is vulgar.

This being ended, we shall have something substantial, being a dish of beef stewed with vinegar, accompanied with boiled potatoes, sliced and dressed with sweet oil, parsley, onions, and, perhaps, sliced herring. After this, a chicken, partridge, or a duck, with endive or celery, will end the substantials. These "apples in dressing gowns" you will find an

excellent entremet; and the latter-the "dressinggowns"-you will find the best pastry you have ever eaten. The omelette soufflet is very light, and no fears need be entertained from the blue flames that play about the surface; they proceed from burning alcohol, which is browning the top and crusting the sugar, an excellent contrast to the icecream; and of the latter, the rose, the peach, and the apricot deserve particular attention. These being finished, you will be offered some peaches cut up in a glass of this Hungarian wine, with powdered sugar; this mode of taking peaches, so far as the palate is concerned, is preferable to ours of cutting them in cream. Now be so kind as to give me an opinion of the confectionery, of which there is quite an assortment here. The little sugar lapdog is very nice, and has a delicate jelly inside; and the bunch of cherries you will find to possess the true flavor of the fruit; the scales held by the hand of Venus, and having Cupid in one side and a butterfly in the other, is quite tempting; as are the lady's-slipper, the lass in love, and Paul Pry.

Having now treated you, dear reader, as well as we know how, we would merely observe, that the pleasure of your company to dinner, at any other time, would be very acceptable to us, if agreeable

to vou.

As to ourselves, we feel the want of a little exercise after dinner, and have determined to take a ramble, and see the sights while enjoying the fresh air.

The character of the people of the continent is to seek their pleasure in public and in masses; and the Viennese are second to none in this respect; they seem to enjoy nothing heartily unless every body partakes of the same pleasure, and thus immense crowds are brought together at all places of public resort. An afternoon promenade presents many a pleasing insight into their social life. The ladies are out on the glacis or lawn that surrounds the city, and sit with perfect composure at their tables, sipping coffee, gossiping, reading, or receiving visits from acquaintances among the passers-by. The principal feature of all social amusement in public is the accompaniment of music. In the afternoon, immediately after dinner, various bands of music take their stations in what may be termed the park, and discourse most eloquent music-all of which is gratuitous to the promenaders, the expenses of the music being paid by those who choose to stop and regale themselves with a cup of coffee, or chocolate, or, perhaps, an ice. The moment dusk sets in, the promenade concerts, in inclosures in the park, commence, and last till nearly ten o'clock, at a price seldom exceeding eight cents. The most beautiful of these musical gardens is known as the "People's Garden;" adjoining is a smaller one for the same purpose in the morning, called the "Paradise Garden"-a bijou well deserv-

These gardens are adorned with all that can gratify the taste and please the eye—walks laid out in the most unique and pleasing style, adorned with flowers, statues, and fountains. The ruling spirit of these gardens, till one short year ago, was the inimitable Strauss, for we ne'er shall see his like again. His soul seemed the very essence of harmony, and has now gone to commingle with the music of the spheres. His power over the people was omnipotent; and without Strauss there was no popular festival worthy of the name. He was alike the friend of the high and the low, the rich and the poor. His afternoon was frequently devoted to the aristocracy, in their lazy strolls after dinner; his evening, till ten o'clock, to the hard-handed working man and family; and then, at twelve at night, he would appear at a court ball, and amuse the imperial family and nobility till morning.

A favorite pastime of the Viennese in the afternoon, during these gossipo-musical promenades, is to indulge in the drinking of the various mineral waters with which the surrounding country abounds. These are generally bottled, and drank according to medical prescription—the latter frequently reading as follows: "Take one half-pint glass every fifteen minutes, walking the distance of one-half mile during each interval, till four to six glasses are taken, according to the capacity of the patient to bear the exercise." Added to this, another beverage for the afternoon that is highly popular, especially with the juvenile community, is goat's milk. The poor peasant women, that live on the spurs of the Alps that peep over the city, generally keep a few goats, that browse on the mountain-side; in the afternoon these are driven to the glacis, to mingle with the fashionable world; and each goat has its well-known stand, where it receives the visits of its patrons. As the milk is called for, it is drawn warm from the goat, and drank immediately, being considered a great delicacy. To be candid, it is not an unpopular beverage with the exquisites also; and many a tasty mustache is gently raised with the thumb and forefinger to admit of its passage into the esophagus.

While enjoying a stroll one afternoon, among this busy maze of life and pleasure, a little incident occurred to us which may not be out of place in this after-dinner gossip. We were looking around quite anxiously, in the endeavor to find a seat and table unoccupied, where we might indulge in a cup of Mocha and be a looker-on in Vienna, when we felt a light tap on the shoulder; turning round in reply to this gentle remonstrance of neglect, we perceived a gentleman whose acquaintance we had made in the morning, and who was astonished to find an American looking coolly at men and things in the Imperial City. "Have you a moment to spare?" said he. "I would like to make you acquainted with my wife." "With pleasure," replied we; and advanced with him to a small table, at which was sitting a middle-aged lady, indulging in her coffee. "My dear," says our friend, "this is the American gentleman of whom I spoke to you this morning." "Is it possible!" says she, springing up and clapping her hands; "why how white

he is!" We innocently replied that we had been long enough in Europe to become thoroughly bleached; and the gentleman seemed a little mortified at the faux pas of his better half. But there are many like my lady, who think that whatever comes from America must necessarily be black, or, forsooth, red.

A peculiarity of the Viennese is the multitude of greetings which they use in salutation, whether on the promenade, in the social circle, or in daily intercourse. "I wish that you have had a good dinner," is by far the most usual saluation after dinner, instead of "good afternoon." If they meet you before dinner an hour or two, the salutation is usually, "I wish you may have a good dinner." This is even common among business men. We have seen a gentleman enter a counting-house full of clerks, silent and busy at their desks, and excite them all by wishing they may have a good dinner, instead of simply saying "good morning." In the better circles it is not all uncommon for the dinner party, the repast being ended, to rise, shake hands all around, and express the wish to each other that no ill effects may be experienced from the dinner. The parting salutation at night is infinitely more expressive than our "good night." The German

SIDNEY SMITH ON MORAL COURAGE.

says, "May you sleep well"—" a pleasant repose"—

"pleasant dreams." Their "good-by" is always a

strong farewell: "Leben Sie wohl"-May you live

A GREAT deal of talent is lost to the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to their graves a number of obscure men, who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort; and who, if they could only have been induced to begin, would in all probability have gone great length in the career of fame. The fact is, that in order to do any thing in this world worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the bank, and thinking of the cold and the danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks, and adjusting nice chances; it did all very well before the flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and then live to see its success for six or seven centuries afterward; but at present a man waits, and doubts, and hesitates, and consults his brother, and his uncle, and his first cousin, and his particular friends, till one fine day he finds that he is sixty-five years of age-that he has no more time left to follow their advice. There is such little time for over-squeamishness at present, the opportunity so easily slips away, the very period of life at which a man chooses to venture, if ever, is so confined, that it is no bad rule to preach up the necessity, in such instances, of a little violence done to the feelings, and of efforts made in defiance of strict and sober calculation.

GERMAN CORRESPONDENCE.

THE PRESENT EVANGELICAL EFFORTS OF GERMANY.

In giving you an account of the great Church-day—Kirchentag—and Congress for the Home Mission—Inners Mission—which I have just attended, I will confine myself to that which may be interesting to American readers. As an introduction, I must first make some historical remarks respecting the developments of the ecclesiastical and religious life from which this Church-day proceeded.

FIRST SIGNS OF RETURNING RELIGIOUS FEELING. It is well known, that, after the Church in Germany had fallen into a long, general, and deathlike sleep of religious indifference and rationalism,* the nation was again aroused to seek after God, in a great part, by the distress and disgrace which the victorious arms of Napoleon had brought upon us. It is also known how those bloody struggles for national independence, by which the yoke of the French usurper was broken, assumed a religious character, and how that dark period in our national history produced, especially in northern Germany, strong religious impressions. Nevertheless, that sudden and violent straining of every nerve in the national mind was soon followed by a returning lethargy, especially in religion; for the religious ingredient of that national inspiration was not deep enough to have a permanent effect.

THE PRUSSIAN UNION.

There seemed to be such a general and perfect indifference respecting the doctrinal differences in the Protestant creeds, that it is not much to be wondered at that the father of the present King of Prussia conceived the idea of making one united establishment of the two principal religious confessions of his kingdom. I would by no means justify the spirit of contention which formerly prevailed between Lutherans and German Reformed; but such an indifference toward denominational distinctions, as Frederic William III made the basis of his Union, must imply a state of censurable latitudinarianism. That the King could succeed in carrying out his scheme of union, is to be attributed partly to the violent measures by which it was forced upon those that objected, partly to a want of interest in a great portion of the people, and to an inability in the clergy fully to appreciate the important consequences of such a measure. But the

^a So low had religion sunk during that period, that on the Church festival of the Nativity of Christ some of the preschiers made the subject of their semen—the advantages of feeding cattle is stables—in consequence simply of the occurrence of the term stable in the verse preached from! or on the lesson of the parable of the Samaritan, the preacher would take occursion, from the beast on which the wounded man was seated, to 'discourse as the utility of demestic animals! No wonder that preachers, who degraded the Gospel thus, were themselves degraded. It is related of one of the German princes, that he was accustomed to put the names of candidates for parishes on papers, and throw them before his dog, and which paper scewer the dog would carry back was appointed to the parish!—Note of the Tearstators.

fact that the Union did not succeed in several parts of the kingdom, and that the powerful arm of government was firmly resisted, shows, on the other hand, how difficult it is for a people, though it may have fallen into a state of religious lethargy, to forget entirely the religious patrimony of their fathers. The contentions for and against the Union became thus the means of awakening in the people a zeal and struggle for good, whose value was for a long time not appreciated. The people became conscious that their belief and creed is something which the secular government can neither impart nor take away, but which every one may claim as his personal property, and for which he is responsible only to God and his own conscience. These remarks will explain the present state of our ecclesiastical parties. The Rhenish-Westphalian Churches. mostly German Reformed, manifested much energy and life in their steady opposition to the Union, though they dwelt individually in great peace with the Lutherans. The many vexations and persecutions which the strict, or, as they are called, the Old Lutherans had to pass through, on account of their obstinate non-conformity to the royal Union, in the eastern and northern provinces of Prussia, produced among them a spirit of hostility to those who held not their views and principles-a spirit of sectarian dogmatism and separation, which communicated itself, also, to the Old Lutherans in Saxony and Bavaria. In judging of the character of this party, we ought to remember the circumstances which violently impressed upon them that want of liberality to those who differ from them.

STRONGER MANIFESTATIONS OF SPIRITUALITY IN OPPOSI-TION TO BATIONALISM.

I will detain the reader no longer with the subject of the Prussian Union and its effects, which were partly detrimental to religion, but indirectly accomplished some salutary ends. Let us proceed to another means by which the Lord visited and revived his Church. The word of God had been for a long time scarce in the land; there was little prophesying; the saints had fearfully decreased, and were hidden in the conventicles. "The way to Canaan," as one of our religious poets describes it, "lay deserted; here and there you might see a solitary, fearful wanderer. Thousands would mock and threaten him as he passed by; for it was a forbidden path, and the holy land was in bad repute."* But it pleased the Lord to raise up a series of precious men in the pulpits and in the universities, who commenced thoroughly to purge the floor of theology—to sift and to separate the wheat from the chaff. The theologians descended again into

the deep mines of the word of God, the writings of the old witnesses of the truth were drawn from their obscurity, and the hearts of the sons began to be converted to their fathers. At the same time, however, appeared productions of the most reckless infidelity and of an entirely godless philosophy, which were spreading far and wide, and attracting the higher and lower, the educated and uneducated vulgus. The period of separation and open conflict had come; both parties prepared every-where with great energy for decisive battle. The monarchs were very willing to give the people unrestrained liberty on the ecclesiastical arena, and thereby to gratify their desires for the free expression of ideas, at the same time drawing the public attention away from the discussion of political subjects. "What do we care how the Church and their confessions fare, if we can only succeed in keeping quiet the political world!" thought most of the potentates, who esteemed religion only as a fine police agency. As the commonwealth was nothing but a great police, so were all the institutions of the Church police-like, bureaucratical, the membership of the Church taking no part in her interests, and having no representation by synods or presbyteries, except in the Rhenish provinces. The parish ministers, superintendents (Decane,) prelates, and the members of the Consistory, headed by the Ministry of the Interior and the sovereign, as summus episcopus, these together formed the Church, just as in the political world the officers of the government looked upon themselves as the state, and upon all others as mere subjects, born for no other purpose than to obey. Accordingly, as the ecclesiastical authorities, the common clergy, the superintendents, and the consistories were well disposed or wicked, orthodox or heterodox, so they impressed their own image on the Churches of the country. Their religious character appeared the more chameleon-like on account of the division of Germany into so many principalities. It is, however, to be remarked, that in several states of Germany the ecclesiastical authorities adhered to rationalistic principles, while a considerable number of the lower clergy had already returned to the faith of These men, generally, could pursue their work only in a limited degree, and under much persecution and hinderance from their superiors. Yet some of them published their testimony against these evils; and this introduced the question of ecclesiastical constitution into the theological literature. It was to be regretted only, that a great number of those who wrote upon this question were opposed to the established order of the Church, not from a sincere and firm attachment to the Bible doctrine, but from other impure motives; so that the truly-evangelical men felt it their duty to show why the salvation of the Church could not spring from simply changing the outward constitution, and that she could derive no benefit from constitutional experiments, such as had become in vogue in the constitutional states.

[&]quot;Jüngft mare bbe, niemale bber Auf bem Beg nach Aanan; Aaum bag bie und ba ein blober Band'ere fachchten 1903 bie Bahn. Zaufenb fpotteten und brobten. Sah'n fie ihn vorüberzier'n; Denn ber Beg fchien voie verboten, And bag beilige and verschieren.

VOLUNTARY ASSOCIATIONS.

In the mean time, however, the way was more and more prepared for the free activity of voluntary associations. It was clear that the standing army of salaried Church officers were not equal to the great task of turning theology from Rationalism and Hegelian philosophy into the channel of Biblical science-of reviving the old Bible truth among the poor, shamefully neglected people-of protecting the nation against the propaganda of philosophical infidelity and political radicalism. Indeed, the clergy was, in general, not even found willing to perform this pastoral duty to the people, and to preach the Gospel to the poor. This state of things gave rise to a number of voluntary associations, which were formed independently of the Church, like the already existing missionary societies. They aimed at a great variety of benevolent objects: as the providing of the poor, of the sick, the promotion of social devotion and edification, amelioration of prison life, itinerant preaching, houses of refuge for children, temperance societies, colportage of tracts and Bibles, etc. Different as these societies were, they aimed all at one great object-to bring among the people, in every possible way and form that a Samaritan love could invent, the word of God, and, by the power of the Gospel, to exert a saving influence upon the masses that were rushing headlong into destruction. These benevolent efforts, in some instances promoted and favored by ecclesiastical authorities, but more frequently proudly overlooked or distrustfully observed, and even sometimes hindered and forbidden, were extending wider and wider, claiming more and more the active sympathy of Christians, and showing on the one side many precious and glorious results, on the other hand the terror-inspiring spread of infidelity and of every species of ungodliness in all classes of society. CONCENTRATION OF EVANGELICAL EFFORTS.

All these efforts were collectively called the Home Mission-in contradistinction to the foreign missions for the Christianizing of heathen-but they had for some time among themselves no further connection than a common name and a common end. Each association performed her own especial work, without any expressed and systematic co-operation with each other. But as their number increased, and their sphere of operation extended over the same ground, and as the same men stood at the head of different associations, they began to feel the importance and necessity of systematically ordering and concentrating the isolated and divided interests and energies belonging to the Home Mission, without, however, intending to make any of the associations dependent upon the others in the regulation of their own appropriate work. While the Protestants in the south of Germany and of Switzerland were, in actual efforts, earlier in the field and foremost in the extent of their operations, northern Germany was soon stimulated to the same exertions, and afforded now essential help to the south, by its greater amount of talent, to bring about the much-desired organization and Vol. XI .- 3.

concentration of evangelical effort. No one felt and expressed the need of such an evangelical union better and stronger than Wichern, the principal of a house of refuge near Hamburg. This man, whose name is already known throughout Christendom, may justly be called the inspired General Agent or Apostle of the Home Mission, though much had been done before him, especially in the kingdom of Wartemberg. He traveled through the whole of Germany, kindling here and there the fire, or fanning it to a blaze where it already burned, till the idea of bringing the various works of faith and labors of love to one great focus was approved of by the whole body of evangelical Christians. In order to erect the common platform, on which to consult together on the moral and religious salvation of the nation, and to strengthen, encourage, cheer, and inspirit each other by the mutual exchange of experiences and ideas, an Annual Congress for Home Mission was agreed upon; and the first met in the year 1848, at Wittenberg. The third one, which I am to describe, has just been held at Stuttgardt. In the interval of the annual sessions of the Congress, there is constituted a standing executive committee, whose chairman is Count of Bethman-Holweg, the former Chancellor of the University of Bonn. This central committee assumes, however, no authority over the separate organizations, but wishes only to serve them by keeping up constant and lively intercourse between them.

STORM AND CALM.

BT WILLIAM BAXTER.

Sailing o'er life's pathless ocean, Not a star could I descry, To direct my sea-tossed vessel In the dark and stormy sky. Fearful rose the angry billows, Broke each mast, and rent each sail; At the mercy of the tempest, On I swept before the gale. Frowning rocks rose o'er the waters, Dangers round me seemed to close; But, amid despair and darkness, Lo! the morning star arose. Guided by its gentle beamings, Wafted on by breezes bland, Soon I trust to moor my vessel Safely at the wished-for land. Men are all poor storm-tossed sailors;

Men are all poor storm-tossed sailors; God's blest book the holy star That, with bright and pure revealings, Lights their pathway from afar. It will lead where storms of passion

And despair shall ever cease,

To that calm and blessed heaven

Where God's smile diffuses peace.

olic; and even one's matrimonial affairs are not neglected: "Are you married, single, or a widower?" Finally: "Have you money enough to pay your expenses while you stay here; and can you give security that you will not go away without paying the debts you may contract?" Full satisfaction having been given on all these points, you receive a permission to remain for a certain time, at which period you must leave, or renew your permission.

The Yankees are called an inquisitive people; but some of these questions would hardly have issued from the cranium of Sam Slick, and, nevertheless, they are hourly asked by the Imperial government of Austria. Indeed, it may be said that every man's biography is at the police, and the Austrian authorities govern the people so much, that they can never learn to govern themselves. This supervision extends to every department of life, from the cradle to the grave. Certificates of birth, baptism, and entrance at school, are issued by the police department for these matters, and no institution of the country can be entered at a later period without presentation of the above in due form. Marriages can never take place without a permit issued by the government; and this permit is not easily obtained. A laboring man must prove his capacity to support a wife; and this by bringing a certificate from his employer that he earns a certain sum. We have known numerous instances where the amount of earnings have been falsely given, for the sake of procuring the permit; and, so far as our experience of the workings of this system extends, we would say the result is decidedly an immoral one. So many stumbling-blocks are thrown into the way of the poor man, that he frequently gives up in disgust the efforts to satisfy these demands, and becomes careless to the ceremony of marriage. In case of a foreigner marrying a native of Vienna, we have known the authorities to demand security from his government for the support of his family; and this of a native of the neighbring German state of Baden.

In the higher classes, demands of a different nature are made. A Swedish merchant, of the Protestant persuasion, only received a permit to marry an Austrian lady, of the Catholic faith, after the solemn assurance, in presence of the Archbishop, that his family should be reared according to the doctrines of the Catholic faith. In another instance, a gentleman, who was a candidate for an office under government, brought home a Protestant lady from Switzerland as his wife. He was informed, in plain terms, that the marriage ceremony must be performed again, with the Catholic rituals, before he could receive a favorable reply. He was remarried, and is now an Austrian consul.

So slight and usual an occurrence as moving is reported to the police, and even the fact of receiving friends in one's house on a visit. In this way a complete biography of all the inhabitants is regularly kept in the archives, and each one has simply to apply to the police to know his own history.

An arm of the Danube passes through the city, and, in winter, is frequently frozen over sufficiently hard to admit of the manly exercise of skating. The moment that this begins to freeze the police department places a strong guard along the banks to prevent the boys from going on the ice and exposing themselves to danger. When supposed to be frozen sufficiently hard, it is submitted to tests, and, if the latter are satisfactory, the longing schoolboys, who, for days, have watched the ice and police with growing anxiety, are now allowed to give free rein to their juvenile desires.

In summer the same fatherly care is extended to those who show a partiality to the water. No one is allowed to enter the water in the immense public baths without first submitting to an examination of his swimming powers. This is done in the following manner: The master of ceremonies places a broad band around the waist, and to this is attached a long cord, which remains in his hand. Thus guarded, the subject jumps into the water; and, if his limbs exercise with a due degree of agility, he is soon liberated; if not, he is drawn out of the water, and ordered to take swimming lessons before entering into the deep bath. An amusing scene once took place there with the celebrated American gymnast, Risley, and his two sons. They had repaired to the bath on a warm day, and were about springing into the water, when they were informed that they would be obliged to submit to the above process, which was explained to them. Mr. Risley indignantly refused any such tutelage, and declined entering the water. He and his sons left the lower part of the bath, and repaired to the gallery for spectators above. In a moment all three of them were perceived turning somersets in the air, and came down into the water with a fearful splashing. The consternation of the swimmers below can be imagined. The singularity of their atmospheric passage put a stop to all inquiries as to violation of the rules; and it was soon whispered about that they were Americans, a circumstance which did its share toward convincing the bystanders that ours is a great country.

But we will turn to domestic life in the Imperial City, and, if the reader will accept an invitation to our home, we will have a friendly chat.

The street-door is open between the hours of five in the morning and ten at night, and guarded by a "portier," whom we call the house-master, though his duties consist in serving every one in it; and you will please observe that we are obliged to keep good hours; for if we come home one minute after ten o'clock we are fined three cents, and can not enter till we pay it. For this reason most places of public amusement close at half-past nine, and the streets are comparatively deserted by ten. It is needless to vindicate our character so far as to say that we are seldom fined, although the most careful may be sometimes caught. We ascend the heavy stone steps to the third story, and ring, just as we would ring at the street-door in our own city. In Vienna

families never have a house. They take apartments, furnished or unfurnished, as they wish; and all the requirements for a family are on the same floor, as parlor, sitting-room, dining-room, bedrooms, kitchen, etc.

The price of rent in the same house is guided by the story; and, although you may think it a little below par to be invited to the third, it is nevertheless pretty respectable, as we have a count below us and a baron above. Who lives above the baron is a question that never entered our minds, and we have never spoken to any one living in the house. Hundreds may pass up and down daily, and we know not whither they go nor whence they come. It is not uncommon to find from one to five hundred persons living in the same house; and there is one house in Vienna in which reside two thousand people, and all quite conveniently, according to their idea of things.

There are no yards in Vienna; and when the inhabitants desire fresh air they all repair to the handsome glacis which surrounds the city and separates it from the suburbs. Toward the close of a summer afternoon, nearly all the city repair, in full dress, to the fresh, green glacis, promenading and spying with opera or eye-glasses, and bowing to the ladies, and kissing their hands.

The gentlemen kiss each other, on meeting, as our fair sex do at home; and we have more than once enjoyed a hearty laugh, in our sleeve, on meeting some fiercely-whiskered and mustached friend, and submitting to his hugs, and kisses and "my dears," before the host of promenaders. During these charming performances, bands of music, stationed at different points, play lively tunes, and, altogether, we have a lively time.

But, dear reader, we beg your pardon for having left you at the door all this time. Do walk in and take a seat. We have no rocking-chair to offer you; but you will find our "grandfather's chair," as the Germans call it, an excellent substitute, and quite comfortable, and will wonder that we have no carpet on the floor; but carpet is hardly known here. In place of it you will perceive that our floor is made of nut-brown oak of all shapes—diamonds, oblongs, triangles, etc.—neatly fitted together, and so well waxed that it shines. Instead of having our floor scrubbed, or carpet shaken, we send for a waxer, who puts on shoes with brushes on the soles, and plies his legs merrily for an hour.

Our windows are double, like double glass doors, and open sideways like doors, instead of moving up and down; and we can open the outer or inner one as is most agreeable; or between the windows we can place ornamental bird-cages, or flowers. The walls are painted with figures, and the ceiling is also covered with ornamental designs in fancy colors. The handsome, white, figured porcelain sideboard, which you seestanding in the corner, turns out to be our stove; and the dear little figure of the goddess of love that stands so gracefully on the top of it, becomes sometimes so warm that it is dangerous,

for more reasons than one. The fire is always put into it from the back part, opening into the kitchen, and we never know any more about its operation than that we like to get very near it in cold weather. You have, no doubt, ere this, admired the charming canaries in the corner, and been astonished to hear them sing tunes from eminent composers. The air just finished by that lively little fellow that beats time on his perch with his foot, is the celebrated "Hunter's Chorus," and he will soon sing a waltz from Beethoven. These canaries are taught to sing in dark rooms where there is nothing to attract their

tention, and where, from the time they are fledged, they hear nothing but the tunes which it is designed they shall learn. These tunes are played nearly all day long on organs constructed for the purpose, which can be wound up like a clock, and run for hours by means of weights. Several organs have been made for the purpose of teaching some young birds a number of our popular airs; and you may shortly hear the canary tribe reveling in "Yankee Doodle," "Old Dan Tucker," "Miss Lucy Long," etc. The birds are most successfully taught by a blind man, who has made himself famous by his success, and some of them are of great value. Birds are sometimes ordered from Paris, at a price of five hundred francs, and thence to a thousand.

And now, gentle reader, if you will honor us with your company at dinner, we shall be very happy to serve you with some German dishes. At first you must take a plate of beer soup, which you will pronounce delightful; and then, if you have no objection, a glass of Voslauer wine, which grows by the old convent that you see over there on you mountain. We will now serve you with some cantaloupes and sugar; although you will say that said cantaloupes are very much like pumpkins; but all cantaloupes are not so tender as ours. Or, if you prefer, we will hand you some fresh figs. But said figs are, in our humble opinion, very flat, and would improve with age. Here are, now, some very nice fish from the Danube, boiled in vinegar, which we would recommend more strongly if they were fried. Should this not be agreeable, we will order a dish of snails, stewed, fried, or reasted in the shell. These we can recommend strongly as being a very great favorite with Viennese epicures. They are raised by the million for the market of the capital. As a setoff to these, please help yourself to the plums and pastry; after which you will certainly relish the radishes and bread and butter, which will, perhaps, be followed by frozen meat jelly. Now comes a very delicate preparation of red cabbage and sugar, which we term "sweet crout," in contradistinction to sour crout, which is vulgar.

This being ended, we shall have something substantial, being a dish of beef stewed with vinegar, accompanied with boiled potatoes, sliced and dressed with sweet oil, parsley, onions, and, perhaps, sliced herring. After this, a chicken, partridge, or a duck, with endive or celery, will end the substantials. These "apples in dressing gowns" you will find an

excellent entremet; and the latter-the "dressinggowns"-you will find the best pastry you have ever eaten. The omelette soufflet is very light, and no fears need be entertained from the blue flames that play about the surface; they proceed from burning alcohol, which is browning the top and crusting the sugar, an excellent contrast to the icecream; and of the latter, the rose, the peach, and the apricot deserve particular attention. These being finished, you will be offered some peaches cut up in a glass of this Hungarian wine, with powdered sugar; this mode of taking peaches, so far as the palate is concerned, is preferable to ours of cutting them in cream. Now be so kind as to give me an opinion of the confectionery, of which there is quite an assortment here. The little sugar lapdog is very nice, and has a delicate jelly inside; and the bunch of cherries you will find to possess the true flavor of the fruit; the scales held by the hand of Venus, and having Cupid in one side and a butterfly in the other, is quite tempting; as are the lady's-slipper, the lass in love, and Paul Pry.

Having now treated you, dear reader, as well as we know how, we would merely observe, that the pleasure of your company to dinner, at any other time, would be very acceptable to us, if agreeable

As to ourselves, we feel the want of a little exercise after dinner, and have determined to take a ramble, and see the sights while enjoying the fresh air.

The character of the people of the continent is to seek their pleasure in public and in masses; and the Viennese are second to none in this respect; they seem to enjoy nothing heartily unless every body partakes of the same pleasure, and thus immense crowds are brought together at all places of public resort. An afternoon promenade presents many a pleasing insight into their social life. The ladies are out on the glacis or lawn that surrounds the city, and sit with perfect composure at their tables, sipping coffee, gossiping, reading, or receiving visits from acquaintances among the passers-by. principal feature of all social amusement in public is the accompaniment of music. In the afternoon, immediately after dinner, various bands of music take their stations in what may be termed the park, and discourse most eloquent music-all of which is gratuitous to the promenaders, the expenses of the music being paid by those who choose to stop and regale themselves with a cup of coffee, or chocolate, or, perhaps, an ice. The moment dusk sets in, the promenade concerts, in inclosures in the park, commence, and last till nearly ten o'clock, at a price seldom exceeding eight cents. The most beautiful of these musical gardens is known as the "People's Garden;" adjoining is a smaller one for the same purpose in the morning, called the "Paradise Garden"-a bijou well deserving the name.

These gardens are adorned with all that can gratify the taste and please the eye-walks laid out in the most unique and pleasing style, adorned with

flowers, statues, and fountains. The ruling spirit of these gardens, till one short year ago, was the inimitable Strauss, for we ne'er shall see his like again. His soul seemed the very essence of harmony, and has now gone to commingle with the music of the spheres. His power over the people was omnipotent; and without Strauss there was no popular festival worthy of the name. He was alike the friend of the high and the low, the rich and the poor. His afternoon was frequently devoted to the aristocracy, in their lazy strolls after dinner; his evening, till ten o'clock, to the hard-handed working man and family; and then, at twelve at night, he would appear at a court ball, and amuse the imperial family and nobility till morning.

A favorite pastime of the Viennese in the afternoon, during these gossipo-musical promenades, is to indulge in the drinking of the various mineral waters with which the surrounding country abounds. These are generally bottled, and drank according to medical prescription-the latter frequently reading as follows: "Take one half-pint glass every fifteen minutes, walking the distance of one-half mile during each interval, till four to six glasses are taken, according to the capacity of the patient to bear the exercise." Added to this, another beverage for the afternoon that is highly popular, especially with the juvenile community, is goat's milk. The poor peasant women, that live on the spurs of the Alps that peep over the city, generally keep a few goats, that browse on the mountain-side; in the afternoon these are driven to the glacis, to mingle with the fashionable world; and each goat has its well-known stand, where it receives the visits of its patrons. As the milk is called for, it is drawn warm from the goat, and drank immediately, being considered a great delicacy. To be candid, it is not an unpopular beverage with the exquisites also; and many a tasty mustache is gently raised with the thumb and forefinger to admit of its passage into the esophagus.

While enjoying a stroll one afternoon, among this busy maze of life and pleasure, a little incident occurred to us which may not be out of place in this after-dinner gossip. We were looking around quite anxiously, in the endeavor to find a seat and table unoccupied, where we might indulge in a cup of Mocha and be a looker-on in Vienna, when we felt a light tap on the shoulder; turning round in reply to this gentle remonstrance of neglect, we perceived a gentleman whose acquaintance we had made in the morning, and who was astonished to find an American looking coolly at men and things in the Imperial City. "Have you a moment to spare?" said he. "I would like to make you acquainted with my wife." "With pleasure," replied we; and advanced with him to a small table, at which was sitting a middle-aged lady, indulging in her coffee. "My dear," says our friend, "this is the American gentleman of whom I spoke to you this morning." "Is it possible!" says she, springing up and clapping her hands; "why how white he is!" We innocently replied that we had been long enough in Europe to become thoroughly bleached; and the gentleman seemed a little mortified at the faux pas of his better half. But there are many like my lady, who think that whatever comes from America must necessarily be black, or, forsooth, red.

A peculiarity of the Viennese is the multitude of greetings which they use in salutation, whether on the promenade, in the social circle, or in daily intercourse. "I wish that you have had a good dinner," is by far the most usual saluation after dinner, instead of "good afternoon." If they meet you before dinner an hour or two, the salutation is usually, "I wish you may have a good dinner." This is even common among business men. We have seen a gentleman enter a counting-house full of clerks, silent and busy at their desks, and excite them all by wishing they may have a good dinner, instead of simply saying "good morning." In the better circles it is not all uncommon for the dinner party, the repast being ended, to rise, shake hands all around, and express the wish to each other that no ill effects may be experienced from the dinner. The parting salutation at night is infinitely more expressive than our "good night." The German says, "May you sleep well"—"a pleasant repose"— "pleasant dreams." Their "good-by" is always a strong farewell: "Leben Sie wohl"-May you live well!

SIDNEY SMITH ON MORAL COURAGE.

A GREAT deal of talent is lost to the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to their graves a number of obscure men, who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort; and who, if they could only have been induced to begin, would in all probability have gone great length in the career of fame. The fact is, that in order to do any thing in this world worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the bank, and thinking of the cold and the danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks, and adjusting nice chances; it did all very well before the flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and then live to see its success for six or seven centuries afterward; but at present a man waits, and doubts, and hesitates, and consults his brother, and his uncle, and his first cousin, and his particular friends, till one fine day he finds that he is sixty-five years of age-that he has no more time left to follow their advice. There is such little time for over-squeamishness at present, the opportunity so easily slips away, the very period of life at which a man chooses to venture, if ever, is so confined, that it is no bad rule to preach up the necessity, in such instances, of a little violence done to the feelings, and of efforts made in defiance of strict and sober calculation.

GERMAN CORRESPONDENCE.

THE PRESENT EVANGELICAL EFFORTS OF GERMANY.

In giving you an account of the great Church-day—Kirchentag—and Congress for the Home Mission—Innere Mission—which I have just attended, I will confine myself to that which may be interesting to American readers. As an introduction, I must first make some historical remarks respecting the developments of the ecclesiastical and religious life from which this Church-day proceeded.

FIRST SIGNS OF RETURNING RELIGIOUS FEELING. It is well known, that, after the Church in Germany had fallen into a long, general, and deathlike sleep of religious indifference and rationalism,* the nation was again aroused to seek after God, in a great part, by the distress and disgrace which the victorious arms of Napoleon had brought upon us. It is also known how those bloody struggles for national independence, by which the yoke of the French usurper was broken, assumed a religious character, and how that dark period in our national history produced, especially in northern Germany, strong religious impressions. Nevertheless, that sudden and violent straining of every nerve in the national mind was soon followed by a returning lethargy, especially in religion; for the religious ingredient of that national inspiration was not deep enough to have a permanent effect.

THE PRUSSIAN UNION.

There seemed to be such a general and perfect indifference respecting the doctrinal differences in the Protestant creeds, that it is not much to be wondered at that the father of the present King of Prussia conceived the idea of making one united establishment of the two principal religious confessions of his kingdom. I would by no means justify the spirit of contention which formerly prevailed between Lutherans and German Reformed; but such an indifference toward denominational distinctions, as Frederic William III made the basis of his Union, must imply a state of censurable latitudinarianism. That the King could succeed in carrying out his scheme of union, is to be attributed partly to the violent measures by which it was forced upon those that objected, partly to a want of interest in a great portion of the people, and to an inability in the clergy fully to appreciate the important consequences of such a measure. But the

^{*}So low had religion sunk during that period, that on the Church festival of the Nativity of Christ some of the preachers made the subject of their sermon—the advantages of feeding cattle in stables—in consequence simply of the occurrence of the term stable in the verse preached from! or on the lesson of the parable of the Samaritan, the preacher would take occurion, from the beast on which the wounded man was seated, to 'discourse on the utility of domestic animals! No wonder that preachers, who degraded the Gospel thus, were themselves degraded. It is related of one of the German princes, that he was accustomed to put the names of candidates for parishes on papers, and throw them before his dog, and which paper soever the dog would carry back was appointed to the parish!—Note of the Translators.

fact that the Union did not succeed in several parts of the kingdom, and that the powerful arm of government was firmly resisted, shows, on the other hand, how difficult it is for a people, though it may have fallen into a state of religious lethargy, to forget entirely the religious patrimony of their fathers. The contentions for and against the Union became thus the means of awakening in the people a zeal and struggle for good, whose value was for a long time not appreciated. The people became conscious that their belief and creed is something which the secular government can neither impart nor take away, but which every one may claim as his personal property, and for which he is responsible only to God and his own conscience. These remarks will explain the present state of our ecclesiastical parties. The Rhenish-Westphalian Churches, mostly German Reformed, manifested much energy and life in their steady opposition to the Union, though they dwelt individually in great peace with the Lutherans. The many vexations and persecutions which the strict, or, as they are called, the Old Lutherans had to pass through, on account of their obstinate non-conformity to the royal Union, in the eastern and northern provinces of Prussia, produced among them a spirit of hostility to those who held not their views and principlesof sectarian dogmatism and separation, which communicated itself, also, to the Old Lutherans in Saxony and Bavaria. In judging of the character of this party, we ought to remember the circumstances which violently impressed upon them that want of liberality to those who differ from them.

STEONGER MANIFESTATIONS OF SPIRITUALITY IN OPPOSI-TION TO RATIONALISM.

I will detain the reader no longer with the subject of the Prussian Union and its effects, which were partly detrimental to religion, but indirectly accomplished some salutary ends. Let us proceed to another means by which the Lord visited and revived his Church. The word of God had been for a long time scarce in the land; there was little prophesying; the saints had fearfully decreased, and were hidden in the conventicles. "The way to Canaan," as one of our religious poets describes it, "lay deserted; here and there you might see a solitary, fearful wanderer. Thousands would mock and threaten him as he passed by; for it was a forbidden path, and the holy land was in bad re-pute."* But it pleased the Lord to raise up a series of precious men in the pulpits and in the universities, who commenced thoroughly to purge the floor of theology-to sift and to separate the wheat from the chaff. The theologians descended again into

the deep mines of the word of God, the writings of the old witnesses of the truth were drawn from their obscurity, and the hearts of the sons began to be converted to their fathers. At the same time, however, appeared productions of the most reckless infidelity and of an entirely godless philosophy, which were spreading far and wide, and attracting the higher and lower, the educated and uneducated vulgus. The period of separation and open conflict had come; both parties prepared every-where with great energy for decisive battle. The monarchs were very willing to give the people unrestrained liberty on the ecclesiastical arena, and thereby to gratify their desires for the free expression of ideas, at the same time drawing the public attention away from the discussion of political subjects. "What do we care how the Church and their confessions fare, if we can only succeed in keeping quiet the political world!" thought most of the potentates, who esteemed religion only as a fine police agency. As the commonwealth was nothing but a great police, so were all the institutions of the Church police-like, bureaucratical, the membership of the Church taking no part in her interests, and having no representation by synods or presbyteries, except in the Rhenish provinces. The parish ministers, superintendents (Decane,) prelates, and the members of the Consistory, headed by the Ministry of the Interior and the sovereign, as summus episcopus, these together formed the Church, just as in the political world the officers of the government looked upon themselves as the state, and upon all others as mere subjects, born for no other purpose than to obey. Accordingly, as the ecclesiastical authorities, the common clergy, the superintendents, and the consistories were well disposed or wicked, orthodox or heterodox, so they impressed their own image on the Churches of the country. Their religious character appeared the more chameleon-like on account of the division of Germany into so many principalities. It is, however, to be remarked, that in several states of Germany the ecclesiastical authorities adhered to rationalistic principles, while a considerable number of the lower clergy had already returned to the faith of These men, generally, could pursue the Bible. their work only in a limited degree, and under much persecution and hinderance from their superiors. Yet some of them published their testimony against these evils; and this introduced the question of ecclesiastical constitution into the theological literature. It was to be regretted only, that a great number of those who wrote upon this question were opposed to the established order of the Church, not from a sincere and firm attachment to the Bible doctrine, but from other impure motives; so that the truly-evangelical men felt it their duty to show why the salvation of the Church could not spring from simply changing the outward constitution, and that she could derive no benefit from constitutional experiments, such as had become in vogue in the constitutional states.

^{*} Jüngft ware bbe, niemale bber Auf bem Weg, mach Annan; Anum daß bie und ba ein blober Band'rer fchichtern 1903 bie Bahn. Taufend spotteten und brohten. Gah'n sie ihn vonüberzie', n; Denn ber Weg schiele wie verdoten, land bach beilige kand vorschrieen.

VOLUNTARY ASSOCIATIONS.

In the mean time, however, the way was more and more prepared for the free activity of voluntary associations. It was clear that the standing army of salaried Church officers were not equal to the great task of turning theology from Rationalism and Hegelian philosophy into the channel of Biblical science-of reviving the old Bible truth among the poor, shamefully neglected people-of protecting the nation against the propaganda of philosophical infidelity and political radicalism. Indeed, the clergy was, in general, not even found willing to perform this pastoral duty to the people, and to preach the Gospel to the poor. This state of things gave rise to a number of voluntary associations, which were formed independently of the Church, like the already existing missionary societies. They aimed at a great variety of benevolent objects: as the providing of the poor, of the sick, the promotion of social devotion and edification, amelioration of prison life, itinerant preaching, houses of refuge for children, temperance societies, colportage of tracts and Bibles, etc. Different as these societies were, they aimed all at one great object-to bring among the people, in every possible way and form that a Samaritan love could invent, the word of God, and, by the power of the Gospel, to exert a saving influence upon the masses that were rushing headlong into destruction. These benevolent efforts, in some instances promoted and favored by ecclesiastical authorities, but more frequently proudly overlooked or distrustfully observed, and even sometimes hindered and forbidden, were extending wider and wider, claiming more and more the active sympathy of Christians, and showing on the one side many precious and glorious results, on the other hand the terror-inspiring spread of infidelity and of every species of ungodliness in all classes of society. CONCENTRATION OF EVANGELICAL EFFORTS.

All these efforts were collectively called the Home Mission-in contradistinction to the foreign missions for the Christianizing of heathen-but they had for some time among themselves no further connection than a common name and a common end. Each association performed her own especial work, without any expressed and systematic co-operation with each other. But as their number increased, and their sphere of operation extended over the same ground, and as the same men stood at the head of different associations, they began to feel the importance and necessity of systematically ordering and concentrating the isolated and divided interests and energies belonging to the Home Mission, without, however, intending to make any of the associations dependent upon the others in the regulation of their own appropriate work. While the Protestants in the south of Germany and of Switzerland were, in actual efforts, earlier in the field and foremost in the extent of their operations, northern Germany was soon stimulated to the same exertions, and afforded now essential help to the south, by its greater amount of talent, to bring about the much-desired organization and Vol. XI.-3.

concentration of evangelical effort. No one felt and expressed the need of such an evangelical union better and stronger than Wichern, the principal of a house of refuge near Hamburg. This man, whose name is already known throughout Christendom, may justly be called the inspired General Agent or Apostle of the Home Mission, though much had been done before him, especially in the kingdom of Wartemberg. He traveled through the whole of Germany, kindling here and there the fire, or fanning it to a blaze where it already burned, till the idea of bringing the various works of faith and labors of love to one great focus was approved of by the whole body of evangelical Christians. In order to erect the common platform, on which to consult together on the moral and religious salvation of the nation, and to strengthen, encourage, cheer, and inspirit each other by the mutual exchange of experiences and ideas, an Annual Congress for Home Mission was agreed upon; and the first met in the year 1848, at Wittenberg. The third one, which I am to describe, has just been held at Stuttgardt. In the interval of the annual sessions of the Congress, there is constituted a standing executive committee, whose chairman is Count of Bethman-Holweg, the former Chancellor of the University of Bonn. This central committee assumes, however, no authority over the separate organizations, but wishes only to serve them by keeping up constant and lively intercourse between them.

STORM AND CALM.

BY WILLIAM BAXTER.

Sailing o'er life's pathless ocean, Not a star could I descry, To direct my sea-tossed vessel In the dark and stormy sky.

Fearful rose the angry billows,
Broke each mast, and rent each sail;
At the mercy of the tempest,
On I swept before the gale.

Frowning rocks rose o'er the waters,
Dangers round me seemed to close;
But, amid despair and darkness,
Lo! the morning star arose.

Guided by its gentle beamings, Wafted on by breezes bland, Soon I trust to moor my vessel Safely at the wished-for land.

Men are all poor storm-tossed sailors; God's blest book the holy star That, with bright and pure revealings, Lights their pathway from afar.

It will lead where storms of passion And despair shall ever cease, To that calm and blessed heaven Where God's smile diffuses peace.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

JANUARY, 1851.

FOLLIES OF FASHION. BY MLIZA COOK.

THERE is scarcely any length to which people, who have nothing better to do, or to think about, will not go, in order to set a fashion for others to follow, or to follow a fashion set for them by some high leader of the modish world. It is true that, for the most part, these fashionable changes are absurdly trifling, and not worth five minutes' thought to those whose attention is occupied by more important matters. For all the hard-working portion of the world care, the exquisites of the day may alter the cut and color of their coats, or the shape of their hats, as often as they please, and without any greater effect than to call up a smile. They may, if they please, revive the pointed shoes of the Tudors, or the Lincoln green kirtles of the bold foresters of old, or the feathers and slashed doublets of the roistering, swaggering, reckless cavaliers, or the somber apparel and steeple-crowned hats of Cromwell's puritans; and their wives and sisters may bring back the starched ruff of that stiff old Queen Bess, or may dance cotillions, or minuets, or trundle through interminable country dances in hooped petticoats, without doing much harm to themselves or any body else. These are the mere follies of fashion; they concern the covering for the person rather than the person itself; there is not much danger of their being adopted by the more sober, reflective, and useful portion of the community; and even if they were, they would not prejudicially affect the health or comfort of those who follow in fashion's glittering train. They are too evanescent, and changing, and limited in their duration and effect, to call for more than a mere passing remark.

But there is a point where fashion's follies, like other follies, become positive vices; and then, too, unfortunately, they assume a more fixed and permanent character, and are at once more hurtful and more difficult to get rid of. That happens when people become dissatisfied with the beautifully-proportioned form which nature has so wisely designated for the human race, and which is so perfectly adapted for the performance of those functions which are necessary to the health of the body and the activity of the mind; and, when not content with mere appearances, they violate nature by striving to establish a defect, which a vitiated taste has caused to

be considered a beauty.

Of course, some folks will say, this does not apply to us. The enlightenment and knowledge of the nineteenth century has caused us to recognize the beauty and usefulness of natural forms, and the wisdom of the laws of health. We remember, indeed, reading, in some book of travels, of a tribe of Indians, known as the Flatheads, who barbarously and ignorantly bound up the yielding heads of their children between two pieces of flat wood, and so compressed them as, instead of the noble-arched brain and coronal of nature, to give them. in after life, a distorted, flat, angular form, than which we can conceive nothing more hideously ugly and disagreeable. We know, too, that the Otaheitan savages tattoo their faces, and thrust rings through the gristle of the nose, and feathers through holes bored in their ears. till their countenances almost cease to be human; and

we have heard of incisions being made in the lower lips of some tribes, in which barbaric ornaments are inserted; but we do not countenance such horrid disfigurements and barbarities as these. Nay, we look with no little disgust at those poor, dark-minded inhabitants of the harems of the Mussulmans, who dye their finger tips and eyelids, and convert their arched eyebrows into an inelegant, straight line, extending across the brow, in order to please and attract their sensual and capricious lords and masters; and as for that utter abomination, the poor, cramped, pinched-up, iron-compressed feet, on which the Chinese women are compelled to totter about, the victims of "celestial" jealousy, we regard that with irrepressible indignation, and tingle with that feeling down to our finger tips, when we see in museums, or collections of curiosities, those little peaked shoes which speak so eloquently of barbarism and ignorance. No, no! thanks to Providence, we live in an age and a country where such things as these would not be tolerated; we know something of the laws of health and disease; we know what the "human form divine" ought to be, from such models as the Apollo Belvidere and the Venus de Medicis, not to mention Bailey's beautiful Eve by the fountain, and a hundred other examples, which are hung upon the walls of our picture galleries, and exhibited by the statuary. We may be guilty of the follies of fashion; we may conceal our figures, and make them clothes-horses to exhibit the handiworks of the tailor or the milliner; but you must not charge upon us those vicious, artificial deformities, which belong only to untaught savages, or to the dark ages of now happily civilized Christendom.

Good, worthy people, we can fancy them, in all sincerity and good faith, saying this: Pitying black and copper-colored savages, and eulogizing the glorious remains of Grecian art, and self-satisfying themselves, and at the same time illustrating the truth of that passage which tells us how men carp at "the mote" in the eye of another, while they are oblivious of "the beam" in

p

r

d

th

b

to

ri

fu

gı

no

th

T

lin

sta

lo

th

la

str

sti

str

sh

co

fla

itie

mi

sin

wh

les

their own.

We are quite sure, however, that if they would only take up a book which we have before us at the present moment, entitled, "Hare on Spinal Disease," would, after perusing its pages, open their eyes and look around them, they would see plenty of instances of a vicious, fashion-sanctified, artificially caused deformity, worse, far worse, than the flat heads of the North American tribe, the pigmy feet of the Chinese women, or the tattooed and mutilated visages of the South Sea savages, or of all of these deformities put together; to which the dyed nails and finger tips, and eyelids, and lengthened eyebrows of eastern sultanas are, by comparison, positive beauties; and that if they will scrutinize at least one article of modern dress, they will perceive in it, with its steel, and whalebone, and stiffening, and wadding, and laces, an ingeniously contrived instrument of torture and disease, worthy of the agents of the abolished Inquisition. They would, perhaps, then discover that custom has blunted their own perception, till they have tolerated, nay, encouraged among themselves, and, it may be, in their own families, a fashion worse in its effects than those which they denounce the practice of in other lands, and as far removed from true beauty as the disfigurements of the savage.

Even poets, who ought to be the high priests of nature and the sworn foes of injurious artificiality, have caught the infection, and when they sing of raven tresses, and

flashing eyes, and coral lips, and pearly teeth, and snow necks, are apt to add to their enumeration of female charms, "the waist of scarce a span;" as though loveliness could be found in crushed ribs any more than in cramped toes, or in flattened skulls, while, in truth, the tottering, waddling Celestial, or the scored Venus of a far southern isle, is, as respects the extent, injuriousness, and ugliness of her deformity, not so much to be pitted as the victim of a pair of stiff corsets possessing that object of envy and admiration, "a very small waist."

We do not wish those who have hitherto thought otherwise, and we have no doubt that "their name is legion," to take our word upon this subject, but to take the best means of judging for themselves. They may put it upon what footing they please, either as a question of beauty or of health, of taste or utility, and judge it by standards which they themselves recognize as sufficient and correct ones. If they wish to test the beauty of the modern female figure, for example, let them take a walk to the museum, where they will find all the materials for forming a correct judgment. In the first place, to select a figure, let them take that statue of a female divinity which stands upon a pedestal in the marbleroom below stairs, and which they will probably see being copied, from many points of view, by youthful students. Observe how gracefully her head presses upon the rounded neck, and how justly that unites between the well-set, sloping shoulders to the swelling breast, and thence how the lines flow gradually downward, curving, like a swan's neck, to the waist. The small waist? No; the waist is positively the widest portion of the whole bust; for just there the ribs, more pliant and yielding than elsewhere, are further separated than above, so as to allow for the due action of the diaphragm. The round waist? No; that waist is oval. as it ought to be, to complete the continuous harmony of those consistently flowing lines, which make up the beauty of the whole figure, and, as it ought to be, too, to allow free play to the important organs beneath the ribs. Neither small nor round! Can it then be beautiful? Look for yourself; see how lovely it is-how gracefully pliant and yet firm-how fit to represent, if not a divinity, yet the divinity of humanity. What is the secret of all this beauty? The due proportion of each part and the absence of all approach to angularity. The statuary, true to nature, has not chiseled a straight line there, and his nature, you may be sure, never wore stays. If you wish to know all its grace, and ease, and loveliness, compare it with a small waist-it is possible that there will be one not far off-see how in the modern lay figure the curved lines of the ancient statue become straight, how the shoulders are thrust up and forward, how the arms are fixed as though in iron bonds, how stiff the carriage of the head and neck is, how constrained are all the motions of the small-waisted, how she is "curtailed of fair proportion" by tight-drawn cords; and then, if you cling to the modern instead of the ancient, if you do not say that Chinese slippers, and flat foreheads, and tattooed faces are not trifling deformities compared to that "small waist," if you do not admit that it is time men had done admiring, and poets singing such things, then we must give you up as one on whom Custom and Fashion have done their worst.

f

0

d

n

d

.

y

nt

If the comparison be taken upon the question of uselessness or injuriousness, then we must call in Mr. Hare, and other high medical authorities who agree with him, to produce conviction. We are sorry that we can not transport to our pages, for the benefit " of all and sundry whom it may concern," the frightful engravings of cases of distortion of the spine so often attributable to "tight lacing." The ribs crushed in, and raised, or depressed, one shoulder pushed up and the other lowered, and attenuated to a mere skeleton; the breasts a mass of deformity; the flexible, bony column, which supports the back, twisted like a corkscrew, the collar-bones pushed out of place, and the neck like one of the leaning towers of Pisa. We are sorry we can not give these engravings, because ocular evidence is generally so much more convincing than mere description; but, as we are unable to do that, we must content ourselves by extracting, from Mr. Hare's work, the following picture of a case which came under his own treatment:

"The left scapula, by its continued pressure on the ribs, had bent them in such a manner as to form a complete fossa, or bed; and these, by their juncture with the spine, had pushed a portion of the column under the heads of the ribs on the opposite side, four of the vertebræ having entirely disappeared, and, strange as it may appear, were not perceptible on a most attentive examination; the ribs, on the right side, formed an angular and nearly perpendicular ridge, which it required no small degree of care to distinguish from the spine itself, the entire trunk presenting a very extensive sigmoid distortion. The integuments on the left side had a most singular appearance, forming a duplicature, or double fold, which extended from below the left scapula, round the hip, and across the umbilical region toward the right side. She had suffered exceedingly from the pain in her back, which of late had greatly increased; and she had become so weak as to be quite exhausted, if she took but half, or even a quarter of an hour's walk.

"The cervical vertebræ participated in the affection, having a slight curvature to the left side, with an inclination of the head in the contrary direction; this formed the upper part of the flexure, the largest curve being formed by the dorsal vertebræ to the right, while a slight one existed in the lumber region, to the left. On suspending a plumb-line from the base of the occiput, its string showed that the column had diverged four inches and a half in the dorsal division, while the left ilium, at its greatest projection, was distant full eight inches from the median line."

The outward deformity is, however, far from the worst part of such cases as these. The lungs, denied room to carry on the functions of respiration, become weakened and diseased; the heart, forced out of the commodious mansion formed for it within the natural curve of the ribs, alters its position and mode of action, intrudes upon the space allotted to other vital organs, and, becoming diseased, languidly pours a stream of diseased blood through the suffering system; the liver pressed upon, in consequence of the derangement of the internal economy, ceases to act its proper part in purifying the vital fluid; the stomach, unable to act, gives rise to indigestion and all its horrors, physical and mental, and the bones which have been compressed grow rotten and carious, and incapable of supporting the frame, and the victim of a desire for a small waist passes to the grave, leaving behind her a diseased family, or is only partially cured, after years of suffering, by months. it may be years, of confinement in a recumbent position. What shall we say, after this, of tattooing, or pinching up of feet, or even flattening skulls? If the unfortunate

objects of those "follies of savage fashion" are nearer in point of beauty to the remains of ancient sculpture, they are also less likely to suffer in health than that victim of the "vices of civilized fashion," a lady with a mall waist. Their artificial deformities, ugly and disgusting as they are, leave them room to breathe, and power to digest their food, and bear no comparison, in the amoun of injury they inflict upon the present and succeeding generations, with the deformities and diseases induced by the dress which arbitrary Fashion, opposed alike to grace and to health, imposes upon her blind votaries.

Of course, the extreme effects which we have noticed are produced only by an excessive abuse of the means commonly resorted to for forming what is, by courtesy, called, "a fine figure;" but a knowledge of the laws of nature teaches us that the human form is incapable of improvement by such means, that both beauty and strength suffer whenever they are resorted to, and that there are thousands of less marked cases produced by the habit, which are concealed by the sufferers. The best remedy we know of, is a study of true beauty as it is to be found in the works of both ancient and modern artists, who, for the most part, all praise to them, do not yield to the "small-waist" heresy against the material beauty of creation, and the knowledge of such appalling facts as are contained in the work of Mr. Hare, to which we have referred.

THE OLD AND NEW YEAR.

IN MEMORIAM, Mr. Tennyson's last work, contains many beautiful and most exquisite fragments of poetry. We select the following as a specimen of his fine descriptive powers, and as being appropriate to the season:

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky, The flying cloud, the frosty light; The year is dying in the night; Ring out, wild bells, and let him die!

Ring out the old, ring in the new, Ring, happy bells, across the snow; The year is going, let him go; Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly-dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
'The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right;
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease; Ring out the narrowing lust of gold; Ring out the thousand wars of old; Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free, The larger heart, the kindlier hand; Ring out the darkness of the land, Ring in the Christ that is to be. ROMULUS AND NUMA.

BY ALESSANDRO VERRI.

Translated from the Italian.

As I paused for a moment, a phantom, who, seated on the base of an ancient column, had been listening with deep attention, arose, and, throwing aside the priestly vail that covered his head, exclaimed, "If this empire be such as it is described, by me and by me alone was it founded." Romulus, grimly surveying him askance, cried, "Who art thou, daring scorner, who would arrogate to thyself my glory?" He lowered his spear as he spoke, and the placid shade he had addressed, remarkable by his flowing beard and serious and pious countenance, calmly answered, "Peace, great Quirinus! arms are useless here; sage and unimpassioned argument must be our only weapon. I am he who, after thy tragical death, succeeded to the throne; my name is Numa."

At this name the deepest silence pervaded the crowd, as if all were fearful of losing the words of wisdom that might fall from his lips; even Romulus, sharing in the general sentiment of veneration, silently reversed his spear. Then Numa thus proceeded: "From the words of this mortal, it is evident that the present power of our city springs from religious institutions, and owes its development to a reverence of religion. And it was I who, abolishing thy savage discipline, and encouraging mild and peaceful customs, taught men the utility of equity, and allured them to virtuous actions by religious duties, by the dread of punishment hereafter, and the inspiring hope of future rewards. I had received from thee a people brave, but barbarous, fierce, extortionate, and depredatory; placing ambition, as thou hadst taught, in aggressions on other nations, which rendered necessary a state of continual warfare, and they considered success as the work of chance, that conquest constituted excellence, and strength, right. Though thy institutions seemed admirable, yet I discovered in them such sources of evil as must infallibly insure their dissolution. Without the salutary restraints of religion no nation can be long happy at home, or fortunate in enterprise. The human heart, when not softened and regulated by the dictates of a high morality, may be intrepid in the field, and indefatigable in the pursuit of fame, but is ever harsh, cruel, and untractable. I called off the Romans from the slaughter of their neighbors, and, without extinguishing their love of glory, so tempered and directed it, that, instead of extending their limits, they strove to complete their city, and, before they attempted to impose laws on others, to form and establish their own. Under thy iron scepter all were in arms against them, to extirpate them like a den of venomous serpents. By their insufferable arrogance they could not preserve an ally; and they must have finally fallen victims to the general hatred and terror they inspired. To my successors I left them submissive to the laws, respected by other nations, revering the gods, faithful to their engagements, cherished by all-by none suspected. Their promises were credited, their anger deprecated, their successes applauded, and their calamities compassioned. So with nations as with individuals; the broad basis of confirmed integrity is to be first formed ere illustrious exploits are attempted."

Romulus fiercely rejoined, while his cuirass vibrated on his breast with the violence of his emotion, "Thou crowned priest! who, daring to prate to me of justice and law, of morals and religion, wouldst audaciously instruct me on the art of governing; me who formed thy throne—say, thou peaceful sovereign, what were thy triumphs?" "One alone," Numa calmly answered, " to

be termed the father of my people."

"Boast on," Romulus scornfully cried, "thou swordless monarch! and tell us how many acres thou didst add to thy kingdom." "None," Numa slowly replied, "which I regret not; my only glory was a long and peaceful reign. But what then? Is it less arduous to render a nation of odious usurpers prosperous than, in the first instance, to establish them? I made thy conquests valid; reconciled thy hated people to their numerous enemies; made the land an asylum to every stranger; sanctified these walls, polluted by the murder of thy brother, and converted thy troop of fierce robbers into an assembly of heroes. To blot out the former evil renown of thy city, and to accustom my subjects to a virtuous regularity of principle and conduct, which would render them formidable in war, respected in peace; this was the aim of my policy. Proud founder! presume not that I preferred tranquil peace to glorious peril through base cowardice; to one who nourished in his breast the most exalted sentiments, that bravery will scarcely be denied which the lowest being may inherit. I restrained, not destroyed, martial ardor, and could make glory consistent with equity. I know that the throne I left to my successors was far more revered than thine; and if, as this mortal tells us, our empire still exists, not by arms, but by the love of things sacred and divine, and the observance of the rites of religion. who will deny that, from remote ages, I have prepared her high destinies?

"And I am certain," hoarsely exclaimed Romulus, "that Rome derives from her arms the respect still awarded to her; the memory of her ancient valor preserves her in her present degradation. If a warrior, grown old, brandishes his sword with his feeble and failing hand, and stiffened sinews, the recollection of his former prowess and strength is sufficient to render his anger dreaded. Arms are power; they alone endow it with attributes that win the applause, or excite the fear and wonder of mankind. Thy policy may have maintained the city in peace; but it was a dastard repose, a policy such as weak tyrants use to lead the people like a flock intimidated by thunder; a deception scorned and despised by bold and magnanimous princes." And, having spoken thus, he deliberately turned away to

avoid further discussion.

"But," said Numa, calmly pursuing his course, "where is thy boasted noble generosity, to fly thus from a difference of opinion? How harsh and despotic art thou to wish to shackle thought, that freest of all

agents!"

Quirinus then returned, and Numa, laying his hand upon his glittering lance, then asked him, "Can this alone support an empire?" But he drew back the spear from his touch, as if indignant that any hand but his own should approach it. "Tell me," said Numa, "whether the strength of a nation consists in the king, or in his subjects?"

Romulus, frowning sternly, replied, "A king, individually, is but a man; the power of a people is in an army trained to execute his will. Indeed, thy questions prove thee a king who was never at the head of an

army "

Numa, undisturbed by the taunt, continued, "Since the only strength of a king is the docility of his sub-

jects, the more numerous they are, and the more obedient, the greater his power."

"Well, then," interrupted Romulus, "a royal personage, by being foremost in every act of energy and courage, excites the admiration of his subjects; so, gaining their confidence and submission, the flock naturally follow a faithful shepherd."

"But the calls for obedience in the subject," replied Numa, "are many and various, and often run counter to the corrupt inclinations of the human heart, and require the constraint of force, or the persuasion of

opinion."

"Probably," said Quirinus, smiling in derision, "thou hadst in reserve a treasury of recondite doctrines for the formation of an admirable code, by the insinuating persuasions and logical deductions of which disorders at home were to be restrained, and attacks parried from abroad. But, as for me, I had no other rule than the sword in the camp, and the ax in the city."

Numa answered, "Enemies may be repelled and malefactors dispatched by force; but can force instill a patriot fervor, or the love of glory; can it teach temperance, or inspirit to bear the fatigues and privations of war, or incline individuals to suffer for the sake of the general good? But real power consists in these virtues, without which others decline and languish, like plants deprived of air and light."

"True," replied Romulus; "but all those virtues are the offspring of valor; for conquest, which valor ob-

tains, gives glory and diffuses plenty.'

"Thou art deceived," interrupted Numa; "for as no nation can give the army a full and complete payment from its own resources, it must look for this to the revenues afforded by conquests; these are uncertain, and, even when great, if equally divided, would form too small a portion for each soldier. The provinces they have won with their blood are enjoyed by the king alone; the army, destroyed, as it must be, by its very victories, reaps but little advantage from its acquisitions; a state, therefore, to be provided with fighting men, must inspire the youth of the country with a desire to die in her cause. Now, tell me by what mighty lever our citizens were exalted by thee to this contempt of death, and generous heroism. Certainly not by that of compulsion; it would have made but a dastard troop of slaves, ever ready for flight."

"What darest thou to say?" exclaimed Romulus; "my army was brave; for it was eager for glory."

Then," cried Numa, "it was neither the thirst of gold nor the hope of plunder, but the love of renown. that actuated thy warriors to their noble efforts; but this renown, what is it but public sentiment-a something impalpable and intellectual-the rumor of words from ear to ear? Lo! from thy own concessions it is seen that the most efficient impulse to thy legions was a moral feeling, that looked for a moral reward, for the guerdon of opinion. Force alone, therefore, is insufficient for the government of mankind. The mightiest monarch must ever be less agile than his steeds, less fleet than his hounds, less sturdy than his oxen. He can not rule by personal strength; but he sways the multitude by mental excellence, and by submitting their faculties to the discipline of religion. Extraordinary means are required to bend the human mind to this unnatural ductility. When I have reflected on ancient nations, and those of my own times, that rose to greatness, I have invariably perceived that, in the ordinary affairs of life,

they were regulated by the laws and the light of reason; but in their measures of difficulty and moment, they were guided by the revealed will of the gods. The straitened limits of civil institutions are scarcely equal to the mutual necessities of the soldier and the citizen; while majestic temples, sacred hymns, solemn rites, invocations of the gods, the dread of future punishment, and the hope of eternal happiness, exalt the mind with so lofty an enthusiasm, and submit the passions to so perfect a control, that the rugged asperities in the path of austere virtue become unheeded; and, forgetful of himself, man then is mindful only of his country. I checked the savage egotism and obstinacy of thy people by threats of the wrath of heaven, till the fear of its ample chastisements withheld them from violence and injustice. This triumph once obtained, I directed them, by the voice of holy oracles, to noble enterprises; thus by secret springs bending their stubborn natures to the support of the individual and general good."

Romulus, with downcast eyes, listened as if lost in thought. At length he exclaimed, "Thou didst delude thy subjects with visions! how worthy of a sovereign to deceive his people with the tricks of a necromancer! As for me, I was foremost in fight, and none could equal me in temperance, endure greater fatigue, or support exertion longer. I devoted each day of my life to the advancement of our glory; to be the father of my people and terrible in war was my only policy. By this, in the midst of a desert solitude, I founded an unrivaled nation, and collected a formidable army, which the neighboring nations, trained to war, in vain strove to withstand. But thou-what hast thou done?" "I hade Jove share in my councils," replied Numa, "and, inspired by heaven, promised eternal empire to the Romans. Ye shades of my descendants! unfold to him the history of your progressive greatness; for that I know by my institutions your country has been illustrated, and to them owes its duration." So saying, he replaced the sacerdotal vail on his venerable forehead, and, with placid dignity, seated himself apart on the prostrate shaft of a marble column.

Romulus gazed upon him awhile in surprise at the words he had just uttered; and, then, as he began to question the shades, inquisitive to ascertain the real nature and effects of the wisdom of Numa, Mark Tully drew near, and related, in his admirable manner, the sage institutions of Numa, and their acknowledged utility in swaying the minds of the vulgar, and rendering them strong in the love and practice of virtue and justice.

In answer, the royal and proud-spirited phantom exclaimed, with a sigh, "Yes! I left a great field of honor for my successor to reap; loyal as brave myself, I thought deception and stratagem unnecessary, and therefore was I slain."

"Grieve not, O, Quirinus!" cried Tully, " so identified with this empire is thy renown that nothing can obscure it; and while benign Numa, by indirect means, confirmed thy designs, and perpetuated their progress, he is not thy rival, but the associate of thy glory. And the experience of all ages assures us that nations flourish best where a perfect concord exists between the civil power and the observance of religion.

Numa, when this sentiment was expressed, raised his head, and exclaimed, "Wise and fortunate, indeed, are such as maintain so excellent a harmony; there every member of society is subservient to his country; all his faculties are voluntarily devoted to her, and what no force can restrain, his free will-it is hers to command. A sovereign who can thus rule the minds of his people wields a power whose might is incalculable."

He had no sooner spoken than he vanished, and the congregated shades on every side murmured ejaculations of sorrow on beholding their revered Numa replunge into eternal darkness. Romulus then gave a glance at his own formidable spear, and vigorously placing his foot upon it, broke it in two, and flung the shivered fragments, in despiteful rage, upon the ground: "Go," said he, in a hollow tone, "go, thou rod of my oppressive sway! A wand in the hand of another has had thrice thy power! Why have I returned to find my city flourish under other auspices than mine? And thou, inhabitant of earth, who art not dismayed by our presence, if ever thou relate to the living this wondrous meeting, tell them that I sought my Rome, found her, and knew her not!"

He was departing, when the mountain groaned, as with the shock of an earthquake. The earth opened beneath the angry specter, and, with a deep sigh, he plunged in it, covering his face with his visor. shades gathered the fragments of that lance by which he had founded an empire, and silently displayed them to each other.

THE SCOTTISH SABBATH. BY REV. ROBERT TURNBULL.

BUT we are forgetting ourselves; and as we propose spending the Sabbath in a small country hamlet, at some distance, we must be off immediately. It would be gratifying to return to Perth and hear some of the clergymen there, Dr. Young, especially, who is a preacher of great depth and energy; but the Sabbath will be sweeter amidst the woods and hills.

We enter a quiet, unfrequented road, skirting around those fine clumps of trees, and that green hill to the west, and, after wandering a few miles, we pass into a narrow vale, through which a small wooded stream makes its noiseless way, and adorned on either side with rich green slopes, clumps of birches, and tufts of flowering broom. As you ascend the vale, it gradually widens, the acclivities on either side recede to a considerable distance, and the road, taking a sudden turn, runs over the hill to the left, and dives into a sort of natural amphitheater, formed by the woods and braes around it. On the further side you descry a small, antique-looking church, with two or three huge ash-trees and one or two silver larches shading it, at one end; a pretty mansion built of freestone, and handsomely slated, at a little distance, at the other. Approaching, we find a few stragglers, as if in haste, entering the church door; the bell has ceased tolling, and the service probably is about to commence. We enter, and find seats near the door. How tenderly and solemnly that old minister, with his bland look and silver locks, reads the eighty-fourth psalm, and how reverently the whole congregation, with book in hand, follow him to the close. A precentor, as he is called, sitting in a sort of desk under the pulpit, strikes the tune, and all, young and old, rich and poor, immediately accompany him. The minister then offers a prayer, in simple Scripture language, somewhat long, but solemn and affecting. He then reads another psalm, which is sung, as the first was, by the whole congregation, and with such earnest and visible delight, that you feel at once that their hearts are in the service. The preacher then rises in

the pulpit, and reads the twenty-third psalm, as the subject of his exposition, or lecture, as the Scottish preachers uniformly style their morning's discourse. His exposition is plain and practical, occasionally rising to the pathetic and beautiful. Ah! how sweetly he dwells upon the good Shepherd of the sheep, and how tenderly he depicts the security and repose of the good man passing through the dark valley and the shadow of death! His reverend look, the tremulous tones of his voice, his Scottish accent, and occasionally Scottish phrases; his abundant use of Scriptural quotations, and a certain oriental cast of mind, derived, no doubt, from intimate communion with prophets and apostles, invest his discourse with a peculiar charm. It is not learned; neither is it original and profound; but it is good-good for the heart-good for the conscience and the life. Old preachers, like old wine, in our humble opinion, are by far the best. Their freedom from earthly ambition, their deep experience of men and things, their profound acquaintance with their own heart, their evident nearness to heaven, their natural simplicity and authority, their reverend looks and tremulous tones, all unite to invest their preaching with a peculiar spiritual interest, such as seldom attaches to that of young divines. Every thing, of course, depends upon personal character, and a young preacher may be truly pious, and thus speak with much simplicity and power. But, other things being equal, old preachers and old physicians, old friends and old places, possess qualities peculiar to themselves.

After the sermon prayer is offered, and the whole congregation unite in a psalm of praise. The interval of worship, it is announced, will be one hour. A portion of the congregation return to their homes; but most of them remain. Some repair to a house of refreshment in the neighborhood, where they regale themselves on the simplest fare, such as bread and milk, or bread and beer. Others wander off, in parties, to the green woods or sunny knolls around, and, seated on the greensward. eat their bread and cheese, converse about the sermon, or such topics as happen to interest them most. The younger people and children are inclined to ramble, but are not permitted to do so. Yet the little fellows will romp, "a very little," and occasionally run off; but not so far as to be beyond call. A large number of the people have gone into the grave-yard connected with the church. Some are seated on the old flat tombstones, others on the greensward, dotted all around with the graves of their fathers. See that group there. The old man, with "lyart haffets" and broad bonnet, looks like one of the old Covenanters. The old lady, evidently his wife, wears a sort of hooded cloak, from which peeps forth a nicely-plaited cap of lace, which wonderfully sets off her demure but agreeable features. These young people around them are evidently their children and grandchildren. How contented they look, and how reverently they listen to the old man! Let us draw near, and hear the conversation.

"Why, grandfather," says one of the younger lads, "don't you think the auld Covenanters were rather sour kind o' bodies?"

"Sour!" replies the old man, "they had eneuch to mak' them sour. Hunted from mountain to mountain like wild beasts, it's nae wonder if they felt waefu' at times, or that they let human passion gain a moment's ascendency. But they were guid men for a' that. They were the chosen o' God, and wrastled hard against principalities and powers, against the rulers o'

the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. Reading their lives, I have aften thocht they must ha' been kind o' inspired. Like the auld prophets and martyrs, they were very zealous for the Lord God, and endured, cheerfully, mair distress and tribulation than we can well imagine."

"Weel, weel!" says one of the girls, "I wish they had been a wee bit gentler in their ways, and mair charitable to their enemies."

"Ah, Nancy," is the quick reply of the old man, "ye ken but little about it. A fine thing it is for us, sitting here in this peacefu' kirkyard, wi' nane to molest us or mak' us afraid, to talk about gentleness and charity. But the auld Covenanters had to encounter fire and steel. They wandered over muir and fell, in poverty and sorrow, being destitute, afflicted, tormented. But, O, my bairns! they loved and served the Lord! They endured, as seeing Him who is invisible; and when they cam' to dee, they rejoiced that they were counted worthy to suffer for his name. Nae doot some o' them were carnal men, and ithers o' them had great imperfections; but the maist o' them were unco holy menmen o' prayer—men o' faith—ay, and men o' charity, of whom the world was not worthy."

This answer silences all objections.

But the bell, from the old church tower, begins to toll.

"Slowly the throng moves o'er the tomb-paved ground,
The aged man, the bowed down, the blind,
Led by the thoughtless boy, and he who breathes
With pain, and eyes the new-made grave, well pleased;
These, mingled with the young, the gay, approach
The house of God; these, spite of all their ills,
A glow of gladness feel; with silent praise
They enter in; a placid stillness reigns,
Until the man of God, worthy the name,
Opens the book, and reverentially
The stated portion reads."

The services of the afternoon are much the same as those of the morning, except that the preacher comments briefly on the portion of Scripture read at the opening of the service, and delivers a regular discourse from a single text. The congregation follow the preacher with evident attention, and look up, in their Bibles, which all have in their hands, the passages of Scripture cited as proofs and illustrations. This, with an occasional cough, and a little rustling from the children, are the only sounds which break the solemn stillness of the scene.

Dismissed with a solemn benediction, all take their several ways homeward. The sun is going down; but its mellow light yet lingers upon the uplands, and tinges the foliage of the trees with supernal tints. A Sabbath stillness reigns over hill and dale. The very trees appear to slumber; the birds are silent, except a single thrush, which, in the deep recesses of that shadowy copsewood, appears to be singing her hymn to the evening. A little later, you might hear the voice of psalms from the low-thatched cottage, on the hill-side or in the glen; for, in Scotland, family worship is generally maintained, and singing, in which the whole family join, always forms a part of the exercises.

"They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim;
Perhaps Dundee's wild-warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name,
Or noble Elgyn beets the heavenward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia'z holy lays."

Wandering thus through the fields, with Sabbath influences around us, it is impossible not to be grateful and devout. A holy calm steals upon the mind—a heavenly beatitude, akin to that of angels and the spirits of just men made perfect.

"O, Scotland! much I love thy tranquil dales; But most on Sabbath eve, when low the sun Slants through the upland copse, 'tis my delight, Wandering and stopping oft, to hear the song Of kindred praise arise from humble roofs: Or when the simple service ends, to hear The lifted latch and mark the gray-haired man, The father and the priest, walk forth alone Into his garden plat and little field, To commune with his God in secret prayer-To bless the Lord that, in his downward years, His children are about him; sweet, meantime, The thrush that sings upon the aged thorn, Brings to his view the days of youthful years, When that same aged thorn was but a bush! Nor is the contrast between youth and age To him a painful thought; he joys to think His journey near a close; heaven is his home."

THUNDER-STORM IN A FOREST.

I AM going to describe to you, reader, such a scene as you never beheld in your life-a spot that stands alone; for I have never met with another that bears any resemblance to it in all the hundreds of miles that I have ridden and traversed on foot, throughout England. A wild, pathless place, covering hundreds and hundreds of acres of land, and that was never turned up by the plowshare, or reclaimed from its wild, savage, original state, since the day when England first rose up, a vast island, from the depths of the ocean. Here grew hawthorns, so huge, and old, and gray, and weather-beaten, that they looked as if a hundred stems had grown twisted and knotted together, and had become so hardened by time, that they had at last got fused into a mass like iron, over which the elements had no further power. Beside these grew great, gigantic crab-trees, their knotted stems overgrown with the mosses and lichens which had gathered there for centuries, and, from the very decay of the parent bole, shot up amid the dead, white, withered, and skeleton boughs, a new tree that overlooked the wilderness. At irregular distances uprose some mighty and majestic oak, whose giant head had been struck by the bolt of heaven long centuries ago, and which had lived on in spite of the thunder that clove its stem, and he lightning that singed its branches-standing like the wreck and monument of an old and forgotten world. And all around this vast wilderness of venerable and hoary trees stretched a wide, pathless expanse of entangling underwood, where the hazel, and the blackthorn, and the bullace, and the sloe, and the long thorny bramble, and the armed holly, and the pointed gorse, and the trailing woodbine, and the matted ivy, were blended with the broom, and the deep umber of the autumn-browned fern, in one close, impenetrable mass, so armed and so impassable, that it was only here and there we were enabled to force our way through the pointed and speary mass of underwood. We saw trees covered with ripe crabs, and great, round, dark bullaces, which we in vain attempted to approach; for, unless armed in mail from head to heel, we never could have got to where they grew without tearing ourselves to pieces; and those who have never seen such a sight will

wonder, when I tell them there were hundreds of gorse bushes matted together from twelve to fourteen feet in hight-that far away there stretched one immense covert of sloe and bullace bushes, between which hundreds of crooked branches shot up and trailed over, as if they had been struggling years and years for the mastery, and ever above this solemn wilderness hovered scores of great birds, sharp-beaked hawks, and wide-winged kites, and great gleads, and dusky ravens, and horned owls, that we have started, with staring eyes, from the hollow trees, at noonday, and that went sailing above the wild underwood, and between the white and withered branches of the trees; many of them, perhaps, having never before been startled by the sound of a human voice. From out the shadowy barrier of the copsewood rushed many a wild, strange-looking animal, such as could only be found in so wild and solitary a placethe wild-cat, and the fox, and the fournart, the stoat, and the weasel, and the marten, and the quick-footed hare, and the gray badger, that run, off wondering who it was that had dared to invade his solitary dominions; and, every now and then, great hairy-armed bats darted by on their leathern wings, started from the hollows of the decayed trees by the blows which we had struck upon the stems; and there was something so lonely and desolate which hung about this strange, wild, solitary scene, that, when in the midst of it, we never dared to wander far from each other; for there were no fields near it; but, on either hand, woods went stretching into woods-Springthorpe wood, and Somerby wood, and Caistor wood, and White's wood, and Lea wood; all running into each other, with no other boundary than here and there the deep, dark water-course, whose banks were infested with snakes, and whose waters were haunted with thousands of newts, and frogs, and toads; and in this wild, dreamy, old, out-of-the-way woodland world we were wont, when boys, to go and gather nuts, and crabs, and bramble-berries, sloes, and bullaces, and hips, and haws, and all those forest fruits which had grown there wild ages before the ancient Druids worshiped the old oaks in our island; perchance before the painted and naked Briton was startled in his hut at midnight by the long howl of the wolf, and the sound of the wild boar sharpening his glittering tusks, in the moonlight, upon the iron stem of some misletoe-covered oak.

Grand and awful was the thunder-storm which I once witnessed on those scroggs! Just fancy such a spot darkened over with deep thunder-clouds; looking as if night was descending upon the earth, ere the sun had accomplished little more than half his journey across the sky. Imagine a blackness and a stillness amid which not a leaf appeared to move; where even the light down of the thistle rested upon the spot where it had alighted, and the very air seemed not to breathe in its sleep. Then, in a moment, this awful silence was broken by the loud, sudden bursting of the deep-mouthed thunder, as if shaking the very earth on which we stood. Over the vast wilderness it went sounding, dark, and far away, to where, in the distance, the trees looked as if resting upon a sky of ink; so black and lowering hung the thunder-clouds. Then came the blazing lightning, making, for a moment, the whole forest seem red as the mouth of a burning furnace; it passed on, and all again settled down into a deep twilight gloom. A few moments more, and a silence more awful than the first seemed to reign over the scene. Then came another peal of thunder, longer and louder than the first. The

foundations of the earth jarred, as they rocked beneath it; and then, in an instant, there descended a heavy deluge of rain, as if the floor of heaven had burst, and some mighty river was rushing through its deep bed. Again the wild woodland was lighted up for an instant, and in the distance the trees appeared resting upon a background of fire; so red and lurid was the glare of the lightning that filled up the whole scene. Heavier and heavier descended the rain, falling like an avalanche upon the leaves and the boles of the trees; and when the loud artillery of heaven had again sent forth its earth-shaking thunder, a mighty wind sprang up, and went sweeping through the forest, making the old trees groan again, as it tore through their gray, gnarled, and knotted branches. Awful and startling was that contrast, from the silence which, but a few minutes before, had rested on all around! Trees, whose roots had been anchored in the earth for centuries, seemed now struggling with the tempest to retain their ancient footing; while their branches clashed together as if in anger, as they were bowed, and bent, beneath the overwhelming element. Although, in a few minutes, we were thoroughly soaked to the skin, yet we still remained in an open space in the underwood, well knowing how dangerous it is to seek shelter under a tree during a thunder-storm, as the lightning generally strikes the objects that stand most prominent. O, what a scene it was! I have witnessed many thunder-storms, but never remember one like that which we saw, and were out in, on Corringham Scroggs, England.

DANTE AND OSSIAN. BY WILLIAM HAZLITT.

DANTE was the father of modern poetry. His poem is the first great step from Gothic darkness and barbarism; and the struggle of thought in it to burst the thralldom in which the human mind had been so long held, is felt in every page. He stood bewildered, not appalled, on that dark shore which separates the ancient and the modern world, and saw the glories of antiquity dawning through the abyss of time, while revelation opened its passage to the other world. He was lost in wonder at what had been done before him, and he dared to emulate it. Dante seems to have been indebted to the Bible for the gloomy tone of his mind, as well as for the prophetic fury which exalts and kindles his poetry; but he is utterly unlike Homer. His genius is not a sparkling flame, but the sullen heat of a furnace. He is power, passion, self-will personified. In all that relates to the descriptive or fanciful part of poetry, he bears no comparison with many who had gone before, or who have come after him; but there is a gloomy abstraction in his conceptions which lies like a dead weight upon the mind; a benumbing stupor, a breathless awe, from the intensity of the impression; a terrible obscurity, like that which oppresses us in dreams; an identity of interest, which molds every object to its own purposes, and clothes all things with the passions and imaginations of the human soul-that makes amends for all other deficiencies. The immediate objects he presents to the mind are not much in themselves; they want grandeur, beauty, and order; but they become every thing by the force of the character he impresses upon them. His mind lends its own power to the objects which it contemplates, instead of borrowing it from them. He takes advantage even of the nakedness and dreary vacuity of the subject. His imagination peoples the shades of death, and broods over the silent air. He is the severest of all writers, the most hard and impenetrable, the most opposite to the flowery and glittering, who relies most on his own power and the sense of it in others, and who leaves most room to the imagination of his readers. Dante's only endeavor is to interest; and he interests by exciting our sympathy with the emotion by which he is himself possessed. He does not place before us the objects by which that emotion has been created; but he seizes on the attention by showing us the effect they produce on his feelings; and his poetry accordingly gives the same thrilling and overwhelming sensation which is caught by gazing on the face of a person who has seen some object of horror. The improbability of the events, the abruptness and monotony of the Inferno, are excessive; but the interest never flags, from the continued earnestness of the author's mind. Dante's great power is in combining internal feelings with external objects. Thus the gate of hell, on which that withering inscription is written, seems to be endowed with speech and consciousness, and to utter its dread warning, not without a sense of mortal woes. This author habitually unites the absolutely local and individual with the greatest wildness and mysticism. In the midst of the obscure and shadowy regions of the lower world, a tomb suddenly rises up with the inscription, "I am the tomb of Pope Anastasius the Sixth;" and half the personages whom he has crowded into the Inferno are his own acquaintance. All this, perhaps, tends to highten the effect by the bold intermixture of realities, and by an appeal, as it were, to the individual knowledge and experience of the reader. He affords few subjects for picture. There is, indeed, one gigantic one, that of Count Ugolino, of which Michael Angelo made a basrelief, and which Sir Joshua Reynolds ought not to have painted.

As Homer is the first vigor and lustihead, Ossian is the decay and old age of poetry. He lives only in the recollection and regret of the past. There is one impression which he conveys more entirely than all other poets; namely, the sense of privation, the loss of all things of friends, of good name, of country; he is even without God in the world. He converses only with the spirits of the departed; with the motionless and silent clouds. The cold moonlight sheds its faint luster on his head; the fox peeps out of the ruined tower; the thistle waves its beard to the wandering gale; and the strings of his harp seem, as the hand of age, as the tale of other times, passes over them, to sigh and rustle like the dry reeds in the winter's wind! The feeling of cheerless desolation, of the loss of the pith and sap of existence, of the annihilation of the substance, and the clinging to the shadow of all things as in a mock embrace, is here perfect. In this way, the lamentation of Selma for the loss of Salgar is the finest of all. If it were indeed possible to show that this writer was nothing, it would only be another instance of mutability, another blank made, another void left in the heart, another confirmation of that feeling which makes him so often complain, "Roll on, ye dark brown years, ye bring no joy on your wing to Ossian!"

BURIAL-PLACE OF NAPOLEON.

THE following paragraphs afford a fine sample of Chateaubriand's peculiar style, and will be read more as a poetical sally than as any thing else. Lady Morgan

speaks of Monsieur Chateaubriand as the solitary and inimitable successor of the Chatillons and Montforts, the last of the crusaders and noble palmers of Europe. The reader will remember that the words were penned before the removal of the remains of Napoleon from St. Helena to France:

The solitude of Napoleon, in his exile and his tomb, has thrown another kind of spell over a brilliant memory. Alexander did not die in sight of Greece; he disappeared amid the pomp of distant Babylon. Bonaparte did not close his eyes in the presence of France; he passed away in the gorgeous horizon of the torrid zone. The man who had shown himself in such powerful reality vanished like a dream; his life, which belonged to history, co-operated in the poetry of his death. He now sleeps forever, like a hermit or a paria, beneath a willow, in a narrow valley surrounded by steep rocks, at the extremity of a lonely path. The depth of the silence which presses upon him can only be compared to the vastness of that tumult which had surrounded him. Nations are absent. Their throng has retired. The bird of the tropics, harnessed to the car of the sun, as Buffon magnificently expresses it, speeding his flight downward from the planet of light, rests alone, for a moment, over the ashes, the weight of which has shaken the equilibrium of the globe.

Bonaparte crossed the ocean to repair to his final exile, regardless of that beautiful sky which delighted Columbus, Vasco de Gama, and Camoens. Stretched upon the ship's stern, he perceived not that unknown constellations were sparkling over his head. His powerful glance, for the first time, encountered their rays. What to him were stars which he had never seen from his bivouacs, and which had never shone over his empire? Nevertheless, not one of them has failed to fulfill its destiny; one half of the firmament spread its light over his cradle, the other half was reserved to illumin-

ate his tomb.

PICTURE OF AN ENGLISH WINTER.

THE following brief sketch, illustrative of winter in England, is from the pen of Thomas Miller, well known as the English basket-maker, and highly popular both as

a prose and poetical writer:

Now, instead of the faded foliage of autumn, the hedges are shorn even of their withered leaves, looking bare and naked, saving where the scarlet clusters of hips and haws still hang, and the dark-leaved holly and straggling ivy occasionally relieve the nakedness with their green. We hear the wind howling about the house at night, like a hungry wolf, trying the windowshutters and doors to get in; and, as if determined not to be disappointed of its prey, it enters the chimney, where it moans, and growls, and roars, as if it had stuck fast, and could neither get up nor down, into the warm, comfortable room, in which it is now really a pleasure to be seated. Then we think of the darkness which stretches over the sea; of the ships which are driven before the mighty wind; of shoals, and sands, and rocks, and wrecks, and great waves, that come moaning, and beating upon the beach, like hungry monsters seeking something to devour. We call up desolate moors, and lonely roads, and solitary toll-gates, standing at the corners of woods and forests, and bleak, treeless commons, places which bear an ill name, where travelers have been waylaid and robbed, where gibbet-posts stand, and, all night long, the irons in which the murderer is

hung, swing, and creak, and rattle again! and then it is that we really feel there is no place like home. We think of the cold river-side, and the frozen reeds and rushes white over with hoar-frost; the icy ropes sailors are compelled to handle; the gardener chilled as he cuts greens and digs up turnips half-buried in the snow; of the poor creatures who call cold "water-cresses" in the streets; of the little sweep, whose voice we hear in the keen, frosty morning, long before it is light; and we feel thankful that we have got so comfortable a bed to lie in, and so warm a roof above our heads. Even the cry of "milk" tells us how early the poor woman must have risen; and we think of the many streets she has had to traverse, all in the biting frost, or snow, or through the thaw, before our breakfast table can be supplied with this necessary beverage. O, if one were only to sit down and think seriously of these things, he would soon be enabled to estimate aright all the blessings and comforts of home: would clearly see how much we are indebted even to the very poor, and that, but for their labor and attendance, we should be left without many things, which we now enjoy; that a house, filled with gold, would be an abode of misery, if our fellow-men refused to administer to our wants, and that the largest estate the wealthiest landowner ever possessed would be worth but little more than a vast and barren desert if he was left without laborers to cultivate it. Whatever, then, may be your station in life, always treat the industrious poor with respect and kindness, and you will find them ever grateful, and ready to serve you. For my part, I would sooner be attended upon by the meanest beggar that ever wore rags, if he served me with feelings of affection, than a cold, selfish servant, were he kept, and clothed, and paid by another, and but waited on me for what he got, without a feeling of attachment. Remember that "kindness begets affection."

THE WIVES OF WESLEY AND LUTHER.

THE wives of these two great men were singularly dissimilar in their dispositions. Rev. Daniel Wise, in his Bridal Greetings, a most charming and valuable minature volume, thus gives the portrait of Mrs. John Wesley and Mrs. Martin Luther:

John Wesley had the misfortune to marry a lady who did not and would not sympathize with him in the great duties of his profession. His almost continual absence from home, his correspondence with pious females, his preference of duty to ease, to self-indulgence, and even to her wishes, excited her jealousy, her anger, and even her persecuting spirit. The burden of soul her unwomanly conduct imposed on that laborious man of God had no witness who could comprehend its magnitude but Jehovah. It was such that, as is well known, he ceased to live with her. Instead of being a help meet for him in the battle of life, she was an insupportable trial, and, but for the unsurpassed energy of his noble soul, would have been a sad hinderance to his gigantic labors.

In delightful contrast let me present the minister's bride with a view of the lovely Catharine Von Bora, the affectionate wife of Martin Luther. Educated in a nun-nery, she had but little opportunity to prepare herself for the duties of domestic life. Unused to the strifes and storms of public life, which broke so fiercely over the reformer's head, it would not have been surprising if she had sunk in terror beneath their fury. But Catharine was the possessor of the highest and noblest qualities'

of her sex; and, like a true wife, she devoted herself to the happiness of her chosen lord. She gave a realization to the poet's doctrine, " To bless is to be blest;" for in contributing to the happiness of her great husband, she found this grand secret of domestic bliss, and awakened an overflowing spring of joy in her own bosom. Luther loved her with the ardent affection of his noble nature. "I love my Catharine," he said, "I love her more than myself; for I would sooner die than see any

harm happen to her or her children."

Which is the pleasing portrait? Does the young bride admire the jealous, selfish wife of Wesley, placing herself, with her whims and fancies, in the path of his usefulness, like a sharp thorn, till she compelled that patient man to forsake her? Or does she prefer the more amiable Catharine, entering into the great plans of her noble husband; soothing his chafed spirit by her gentleness; cheering his desponding heart with her eloquent applications of holy writ, and finding her own enjoyment in his happiness? I know she condemns the former; she admires the latter. She will, therefore, form her own character after the model of Catharine, and studiously, resolutely conform herself to the requirements of her husband's profession.

THE LIBERIAN BEACON.

MR. ELLIOTT CRESSON, on a recent visit to London, saw Mr. Tupper, the distinguished poet, and informed him of the erection of an Episcopal church at Bassa Cove, in Liberia. Almost immediately Mr. Tupper sent to Mr. Cresson the following stanzas. We think them, in every respect, worthy the wide fame of the poet of Albury, England. Throughout Mr. Tupper's verse there breathes the spirit of large benevolence, additional confirmation of which sentiment we have in the following:

> A thousand miles of rugged shore, And not a lighthouse seen? Alas! the thousand years of yore That such a shame had been! Alas! that Afric's darkling race, The savages and slaves, Never have known a gleam of grace On their south-western waves!

> Never, till now! O, glorious light! The beacon is a blaze! And half the terrors of the night Are scattered by its rays! Forth from the starry-heavened west Was lit this glorious torch; For dear Columbia's sons have blest Liberia with-a church!

> Yes, young Columbia leads the way. And shows our hard, old world How slavery, in the sight of day, Can wisest be downhurled; Not by the bloody hand of power, That mangles while it frees, But by religion's calmer hour, And freedom of the seas!

Yes, brothers! Patience is the word, And Prudence, in your zeal; Where these sweet angels well are heard, They work the common weal; The north must wait, the south be wise, And both unite in love To help the slave beneath the skies That is no slave above!

THE DAISY OF THE VALLEY.

THE following most beautiful words are from the pen of that great man, Elihu Burritt, familiarly known as the Learned Blacksmith:

You can not go into the meadows and pluck up a single daisy by the roots, without breaking up a society of nice relations, and detecting a principle more extensive and refined than mere gravitation. The handful of earth that follows the tiny roots of that little flower is replete with social elements. A little social circle had been formed around that germinating daisy. The sunbeam and the dew-drop met there, and the soft summer breeze came whispering through the tall grass to join the silent concert. And the earth took them to her bosom, and introduced them to the daisy germ; and they all went to work to show that flower to the sun. Each mingled in the honey of its influence, and they nursed "the wee canny things" with an aliment that made it grow. And when it lifted its eyes toward the sky, they wove a soft carpet of grass for its feet. And the sun saw it through the green leaves, and smiled as he passed on; and then, by starlight and by moonlight, they worked on.

And the daisy lifted up his head, and, one morning, while the sun was looking, it put on its silver-rimmed diadem, and showed its yellow petals to the stars. And as it nodded, the little birds that had silver-lined wings came; and birds in black, and gray, and quaker brown, came; and the querulous blue-bird and the courtesying yellow-bird came; and each sung a native air at the cor-

onation of the daisy.

HASTY MARRIAGES.

IT is not necessary that there be a seven years' courtship before marriage; yet it is necessary that there be a few months, if not years, in which to learn the character, disposition, and pursuits of the individual to whom we expect to trust our own welfare for life. The general folly of mankind is the general cause of complaint. A young man meets a young lady, exchanges a few words and glances, and both go home to dream of one another. Having little to diversify their thoughts or engage their attention, they find themselves uneasy while they are apart, and conclude that they must get married. The step is taken, and the unhappy pair discover nothing but what voluntary blindness before concealed. Their subsequent years are spent in altercations and disputes. each blaming nature with cruelty. "It is scarcely possible," says Dr. Johnson, "that two traveling through the world, under the conduct of chance, should have been both directed to the same path, and it will not often happen that either will quit the track which custom has made pleasing. When the desultory levity of youth has settled into regularity, it is soon succeeded by pride ashamed to yield, or obstinacy delighting to contend. And, even though mutual esteem produces mutual desire to please, time itself, as it modifies, unchangeably, the external mien, determines likewise the direction of the passions, and gives an inflexible rigidity to the manners. Long customs are not easily broken; he that attempts to change the course of his own life very often labors in vain; and how shall we do that for others which we are seldom able to do for ourselves?"

No man has measured the power of kindness; for it is boundless. No man has seen its death; for it is NEW BOOKS.

PARLEY'S CABINET LIBRARY, in Twenty Volumes, Geo. C. Rand & Co., Boston, is a most entertaining series of works, unsurpassed in value by any similar publications, of the same number and dimensions, in any language. They contain over five hundred engravings, and nearly seven thousand pages. For family perusal, particularly for girls and boys—if there are any such sort of persons left—from ten to fifteen years of age, this collection has no rival in America or in England. The whole of it sells, we believe, for ten dollars.

LECTURES ON THE SCIENTIFIC EVIDENCES OF NATURAL AND REVEALED RELIGION. By William C. Larrabee. Swormstedt & 1850 .- The reader must not suppose that the word scientific, in the above title, renders the work unsuited to unscientific readers. The very reverse is true. Of all the books in the English language, on natural and revealed religion, this is entirely unequaled for its simplicity of style and treatment, Most productions on the subject are very unreadable from their perplexed diction, or abstruse speculations, or unpopular manner. This is transparent in style, easy to be understood, and attractive to every class of readers. Indeed, many years ago, when its author was paving great attention to the subject as a teacher, not being able to find a work fit to be read by common people, or studied by common academical students, he resolved to write a treatise, which should be just the thing for schools and for family reading. He has, as we think, abundantly succeeded. Our readers are well acquainted with Professor Larrabee's style of doing up what he writes. His experience and success as a teacher are not surpassed, probably, in This book is emphatically a most perfect specithis country. men of his talents. When its merits become known, it will have no rival as a school-book in our acadamies and colleges; it will be found on the book-shelves of our intelligent families; and it will be adopted as a text-book in our course of ministsrial study. Of these things we feel entirely certain; for the work needs but to be known to make itself the standard on this subject. It is sold by Swormstedt & Power, Cincinnati, Lane & Scott, New York, C. H. Pierce, Boston, and at the Depositories of Auburn, Buffalo, and Pittsburg. It can also be had by ordering it of almost any general bookseller throughout the Union. It is a 12mo., sold at \$1 retail. We invite those interested in its subject-and who is not interested?-to read the work and make up their own judgment.

THE LIFE OF JOHN CALVIN. Compiled from Authentic ources, and Particularly from his Correspondence. By Thomas H. Dyer. With a Portrait. Harper & Brothers. 1850 .- This is a 12mo. of about four hundred and fifty pages, on good paper, and well bound in muslin. Our Calvinistic friends are rather severe upon it, as if it were not based upon authentic materials; but really we have not been able to discover any thing indicating a want of attention to facts, or a desire to do other than equal justice to the distinguished subject of the production. All this nervousness, however, on the part of our good brethren, is unphilosophical. Suppose John Calvin was not exactly such a pattern of a man as has been sometimes imagined. What then? His doctrines are not affected by our opinion of his private character. Calvinism is much older than Calvin. It came chiefly from the City of God by St. Augustine; and St. Augustine borrowed it from a certain sect of the Greek and Roman philosophers; and these philosophers took it from the traditions and books of a race of oriental materialists, who broke off from the original pantheistic school of Asiatic sophists. That, if there is any truth in history, is the genealogy of Calvinism. Calvin revived the system of spect lation here mentioned, and made it the basis of the theology of the Swiss reformation. But, in himself, he was not exactly a paragon of a man; and it is useless to try to make the world now believe what historical readers have known better than to believe for these many years. The best way for our good Calvinistic fellow-Christians is, to "own up," as the boys say, and go on improving upon their model. Methodism has been treated worse than they think themselves now treated. The life of Wesley was written by Southey, an avowed enemy of the Wesleyan doctrine; but the Methodists,

Instead of making any great fess about the inaccuracies and malice of the book, have received, read, and even sold it with a great deal of sensible good-nature. In this way, the work has been rendered harmless. Southey, with all his bitterness, after his revolt from his Dissenting brethren to the bosom of the English Church that bought him, could not write the life of Wesley without saying enough in his praise to blunt the edge of all his slanders. A similar thing may be said of Calvin. After all his faults are stated—though Mr. Dyer does not seem to delight in stating them—he stands forth to the mind of the reader an image of both goodness and greatness. There is enough left to satisfy any Christian man's ambition.

JOHN HOWARD AND THE PRISON-WORLD OF EUROPE. From Original and Authentic Documents. By Hepworth Dizon. With an Introductory Essay, by Richard W. Dickinson, D. D. Robert Carter & Brothers: New York. 1850.—We have read every page and line of this splendid work with great interest and profit. Our opinion of the great philanthropist was before sufficiently exalted; but we have here refreshed our memory with the facts on which that opinion should be founded. He was, certainly, the most wonderfully self-sacrificing man of modern history. It does the heart good to read the life of such a mortal. The reader feels, as he rises from the perusal, that that life is the best for all of us, in our several circumstances and stations. This work will do a great deal in raising up men of pure benevolence. The blessing of God go with it!

DISCOURSES ON THE RECTITUDE OF HUMAN NATURE George W. Burnap, D. D. Boston: Wm. Crosby & H. P. 1850.-These discourses are written with great Nichola. beauty of style, kindness of spirit, and earnestness of feeling. The writer evidently believes, that, as constituted by the Creator, man is a very perfect and sinless being; but he has by no means answered the arguments which have been employed to demonstrate our fall in Adam. He takes the Unitarian view of the subject; but he convinces none but Unitarians of the proposition which he undertakes to establish. Indeed, the Unitarian theology as a whole is not only unscriptural, as we think, but unphilosophical, as much in opposition to the dictates of reason, as to the entire tone and temper of revelation. It might better be given up at once; for it is destined to die a certain death, in America at least, at no distant period. We have before risked saying every thing that need be said in favor of the intelligence, philanthropy, and even piety of our muchmaligned and misapprehended friends of the Unitarian order. This we are ready to say again, whenever we have any thing to say upon the subject. As men, as citizens, as Christians, many of them are an honor to their race, to their country, and, as we think, to Christianity; but all this they are, in our humble judgment, not by the help of their theology, but in spite of Our readers generally have not enjoyed all the advantages, which we have enjoyed, to get a personal knowledge of the daily religious example of the better part of the New England Unitarians; but they may be assured that we speak a wellestablished fact, paradoxical as it may seem at first, but which suitable reflection and experience will justify, when we say, that the Unitarian theology, unscriptural and speculative as it is, has really but very little to do with the practical life of many of its adherents. The book before us is a specimen of Unitarian speculation. While its author would almost banish the idea of a constitutional tendency toward sin, we have not the first doubt, that if the truth could be known, he would be found frequently asking God, in the fervor of his soul, to make him "a new creature in Christ Jesus." We have known scores of just such cases. They are like Bishop Berkley, who, as a philosopher, demonstrated that there is no such thing as matter, but, as a man, was just as punctual to recollect the hour for dinner as other people. Many of the Unitarians, also, while they discard the doctrine of Christ, trust in Christ himself as their "sufficient Savior;" nor do we believe it to be good policy, or good sense, or good religion, to proscribe the religious character of a whole denomination, for the speculative opinions of its teachers. If we err, however, we rejoice to know, that the error is on the side of charity. The work is sold by E. D. Truman, Cincinnati.

PERIODICALS.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for October has ten articles, as follows:

1. Mahomet and his Successors—a review of Washington Irving's recent work bearing this title. The reviewer evinces considerable spirit, not to say acrimony, in his style, and deals severely with that class of mankind who have been hasty in calling the Prophet of Mecca an impostor. From this the reader will understand that Mr. Irving and his reviewer agree, substantially, in their estimate of the character of Mahomet. We do not regret the hour speat in the perusal of the article.

2. The Navigation of the Ancients is a review of a work published two or three years since in England, entitled The Voyage and Shipwreck of St. Paul. Much valuable information is communicated in the course of the article relative to the nautical equipments and maneuvers of the ancients.

3. Slavic Language and Literature—somewhat critical, but well-tempered and candid. The writer regrets the adoption of the theory of the origin of the Slavic race, first promulgated by Schlegel, which is, that they came over into Europe from "the overpopulation of the regions of the Ganges." The reviewer is of the opinion that the Slavi are a distinct people of the north of Europe, and not wandering, forlorn emigrants from India. He sustains his hypothesis with great clearness and power; and we doubt not that Mrs. Robinson, authoress of the work under review, and wife of Professor Edward Robinson, has read the article with a suitable degree of candor and good-nature; but whether she will feel convicted of any error is more than we can say.

4. A Hunter's Life in South Africa—overrun with extracts, Mr. Cummings, the author of this treatise on the far interior of South Africa, has produced two of the most thrilling volumes ever offered to the public, and he may well be proud in knowing that he has been fully and favorably reviewed by nearly every newspaper and periodical, both in England and America.

5. History of Greece—chiefly a discussion of the question relative to the authorship of the Iliad and Odyssey. The opinion is advanced, that many of the poems passing current as Homer's were not written by the author of the Iliad, but a poetical gens of the island of Chios, "whose existence can be established by indisputable historical evidence," We have no faith in this last assertion.

The Works of John Adams, by Charles Francis Adams—quite laudatory, and full of extracts.

Everett's Orations and Speeches—very complimentary—several fine paragraphs quoted.

8. A History of Jesus, by W. H. Furness, Boston—is pronounced as being very original and peculiar—a naturalism so irrational and untenable that probably no second advocate will ever be found.

 Laing's Observations in Europe in 1848-49—abounds in the most lavish panegyric. Numerous fine extracts are given.
 Critical Notices—embracing the Reform Spirit of the Day by Timothy Walker, Esq., the American Legend by Bayard Taylor, and Alfred B. Street's Frontenac and other

HUNT'S MERCHANTS' MAGAZINE for October has the following list of articles:

1. A Brief Review of "The Union—Past and Present," discusses the mutual concessions of the north and south. The article is from the pen of E. H. Derby, Esq., of Massachusetts, and, though very brief, is replete with valuable matter.

2. Internal Improvement in the State of New York, sketches the rise, progress, and present condition of internal improvements in this state. The article is the first of a series on this subject, and is from the pen of the late Controller of the state of New York, Hon. A. C. Flagg.

3. Money—by Rev. Samuel Martin, London—is one of the best articles on the subject we have ever seen. It treats, with a graphic pen, of the uses and abuses of money, and will be perused with interest and profit by readers generally.

4. A Commercial Exploring Expedition Round the World—a very brief but complimentary notice of the expedition sent out in 1845 by the late King of Denmark, Christian VII.

5. American Reciprocity and British Free-Trade-historical,

commercial, and polemical in its nature, but contains some pretty strong arguments on both sides of the theme discussed.

These five articles constitute somewhat more than one-half of the present number of the magazine; the remaining pages are devoted to almost every variety of commercial topics, banking, currency, finance, marine regulations, mining and manufactures, railroad, canal, and steamboat statistics, nautical intelligence, mercantile miscellany, and a running sketch of the American book-trade.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURG MAGAZINE for October has a list of eight articles;

Modern State Trials is introductory to a series of articles
under this head. To the general reader, as well as to legal
gentlemen, we doubt not these articles will be interesting and
instructive.

2. My Novel; or Varieties in English Life, is also a serial article, of which the present is part second. Considerable of the dialogue style is scattered throughout the article, giving it great vivacity. It is understood to be from the pen of Mr. Bulwer, who, of late, has added considerable to his literary reputation by the publication of the Caxtons.

3. Military Life in North Africa reviews a French work of this name, which details some wonderful adventures and incidents, too wonderful, indeed, for ordinary credulity to believe. The work in question is by Pierre Castellane, of Paris, and has the merit of being finely written and full of merriment.

4. The Green Hand—A "Short" Yarn, closes this great naval story, which, so far from having been a short yarn, has been about as long as any thing ever published in Blackwood. The story is charmingly written.

5. The French Wars of Religion is chiefly a history of the house of Guise, and possesses intrinsic historical interest. The assassination of the Duke of Guise, Lieutenant-General of France, while on his way to the castle of Corney, is a touching incident. Catherine de Medicis receives some merited strictures in the course of the article. She certainly was one of the worst women our world has ever witnessed.

6. A Wild Flower Garland—poetical, by Deita, the universally popular poet of Blackwood. The daisy, the white rose, the sweet brier, and the wall flower constitute the garland under consideration. They are well treated.

der consideration. They are well treated.

7. The Masquerade of Freedom—poetical likewise, and quite harmonious in its versification. It is bitter against England, and comes down with the crush of an avalanche on the brewers of London, who offered insult to that most unmitigable Austrian wretch, General Haynan, while on his late travels of the pleasure. The deep virulence, or rather indignation, of the closing half a dozen stanzas could have been spared, we think, without detracting at all from the poetical merits of the piece.

8. Dies Boreales, No. VIII-Christopher Under Canvass, is a successful exhibition of the dramatic, and abounds in many brilliant and witty paragraphs. John Wilson, professor in the University of Glasgow, claims the honor of writing the series.

THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER, Richmond, Va., contains, in its October issue, two posthomous articles from the pen of Edgar A. Poe, on Rev. J. T. Headley and W. E. Channing. They are in Mr. Poe's usual singular style, and are most scorchingly severe.

THE UNITED STATES MAGAZINE AND DEMOCRATIC RE-VIEW for October has a fine portrait of Robert Rantoul, jr., and ten well-written articles, the most attractive of which are Edmund Burke, Lord Jeffrey, Lally's Campaign in Mexico, and Jenny Lind.

THE AMERICAN WHIG REVIEW for October has also a portrait. It is that of E. S. Squier, Charge d'Affaires of the United States to the Republics of Central America. Several of the articles in the number are of a very superior character.

THE TEMPLAR'S MAGAZINE for November is the third number of a new monthly, published in Cincinnati, devoted to the interests of a fraternity named Templars, and is quite spiritedly edited by Mr. J. Wadsworth. The Templars are a secret society, whose leading object is the advancement of the temperance cause, in which work we wish them abundant success.

NEWSPAPERS.

A PRINTER of Greenock having been fined for printing news on unstamped paper, now prints upon cloth, which is not specified in the act, and calls his journal the Greenock "Newscloth," in allusion to that material. In the debate on the paper duties a short time since, Mr. Gibson handed a copy to the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The Austrian government are recurring to very ancient means of raising money. Several of the rich prisoners are permitted to ransom themselves. Count Nadasdi bought his freedom recently for 100,000 florins.

The great tunnel on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad is one of the greatest works of civil engineering now going on in the world. It is a few miles from Morgantown, western Virginia, and is through a mountain a mile and a quarter wide.

A planing machine has been invented in St. Louis, by Messrs. Howell & Barlow, which is destined to supersede all others. With one-fifth of the power required to propel Woodworth's machine, it will turn out, planed on both sides, tongued and grooved, one hundred and twenty feet per minute.

The Jews have obtained a firman from the Porte, granting them permission to build a temple on Mt. Zion. The projected edifice is to equal Solomon's temple in magnificence.

There are now eight Protestant churches in Turkey. Some of these, it is true, are but thinly attended; but they are, novertheless, spreading abroad zealously a knowledge of divine truth, and experiencing no opposition except on the part of Roman Catholics.

There are over ninety places of worship in Cincinnati—fort, years ago there were but three.

There are in the United States 7,677 miles of railroad—of which 2,465 are in New England; 2,520 in the Middle States; 1,549 in the five Southern States proper, consisting of Georgia, Virginia, the Carolinas, and Alabama; 1,153 in the remaining Western or South-Western States.

It is stated that the entire exports of breadstuffs from the United States to England in 1849, will not be sufficient to pay for over one-half the calicoes imported from that country during the same periou! In the year 1843 we imported from Great Britain alone over \$12,000,000 worth of calico! Meantime the heaviest calico manufactories in the United States have failed.

New York has made it an offense punishable by imprisonment or a heavy fine, for a telegraph operator, clerk, or messenger, to divulge the contents of a private message, or refuse or neglect to transmit or deliver the same.

A machine has been invented at Chicago, which promises to supersede the use of spades. By the assistance of two yoke of oxen and two men, it will cut a ditch two feet deep by three at the top, and eighteen inches wide at the bottom, at the rate of twenty rods per day.

An air-gun, the motive power of which is an India-rubber spring operating upon a condenser, has been patented in England.

Dr. Chevalier, of Paris, has invented a disintoxicating potion. It consists of acetate ammonia dissolved in sugared water. It renders a drunken man immediately sober.

Among the items of the cost of the new houses of Parliament is one of £1,200 for a smoking-room.

The number of persons receiving relief in the work-houses of Ireland, February 28, 1850, was 239,682; those receiving out-door relief, 145,166.

The Liverpool Aviary has been burned to the ground by an accident, from the display of fire-works. Several rare birds were scorched to death.

American plants were the principal attraction at the recent exhibition of the Botanical Society, in Regent's Park, London. France delivers yearly to England £180,000,000, or nearly

\$900,000,000, worth of products.

The number of journals now published in the Austrian empire amounts to 179—of which 92 are German, 50 Italian, 28 Slavonian, 7 Hungarian, and 2 Roman.

A pair of compasses has been found among the Roman remains at Cirencester, in all respects resembling the modern article. A bottle of Egyptian perfame, two thousand years old, is preserved at the Alnwich Museum, and still retains its odor.

The net value of the commerce of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers and their tributaries, for the year 1849, is estimated at \$255,233,820. The value of the exports and imports of the United States, for the year 1849, was \$203,612,359.

There are in the Russian dominions, 2,770,000 Romanists, 2,400,000 Mohammedans, 1,200,000 Jews, 1,750,000 Lutherans, and 14,360 of the Reformed or Calvinistic denominations. The number of the Greek clergy is 25,944; and the churches of the denomination, 11,380.

The Emperor of Russia has decided on placing St. Petersburg in telegraphic communication with Vienna and Berlin, Before long London will doubtless be connected with Russia by means of the electric telegraph.

It is estimated that the newspapers published in the United Kingdom, during 1849, would cover a surface of 33,658 acres; or, if joined together, would extend 138,843 miles, or nearly six times encircle the earth at the equator.

There are now twenty-four newspapers published in the English language, and most of them by Americans, along the line of the Pacific coast, in the interior of California and Oregon, in Deseret, and in the Pacific Islands.

Out of three hundred and fifty-one marriages in the parish church in Rochdale, England, only one in ten of the parties were able to write their own names.

There are four great iron fields in Scotland, containing twenty-eight works, and one hundred and thirty-five furnaces. The beautiful palace of Fontainbleau, the favorite residence of Napoleon, is to be turned into a cavalry school.

One of the last acts of Sir John Franklin before leaving England, in 1845, was to obtain an ample supply of Bibles and Testaments from the British Naval and Military Bible Society for the seamen under his command.

It was announced in the report of the London Missionary Society, at the annual meeting in Exeter Hall, that the East India Directors had sent out positive instructions to withdraw the payment to Juggernaut at an early date, and they had also instructed the supreme government in India to abolish the law forfeiting the property of a native on his change of religion.

There are one hundred Congregational Churches in Illinois, and sixty ministers. The churches are mainly located in the northern part of the state, in which region is Knox College, belonging to the same denomination.

It is said that in the island of Japan a change in the fashion of dress has not occurred during a period of two thousand five hundred years.

By an act of Congress, which took effect on the 1st of August, "slick" quarters pass for twenty cents, 12½ cent pieces for ten cents, and 6½ cent pieces for five cents.

A chimney has been built near Boston ten feet higher than the Bunker Hill Monoment. Its hight is two hundred and thirty feet, its shape octagonal, and its diameter at the base twenty-five feet. It belongs to the New England Glass Company at East Cambridge, and is intended to carry off all the smoke that comes from all their factories. It was built by Mr. W. H. Pratt, and contains 800,000 bricks and 100 cubic yards of granite.

The editor of a newspaper at Perth being challenged, coolly replied, that any fool might give a challenge, but that two fools were needed for a fight.

A bill to cause the Sabbath to be kept holy has been submitted to the French Assembly by an unofficial member. He is derided and reviled for it by a portion of the press.

Jenny Lind is said to be worth half a million of dollars, besides having given away several hundred thousands of dollars, founded three hospitals and two schools.

Dr. Franklin, speaking of education, says, "If a man empties his purse into his head, no man can take it away from him.

An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest."

A cargo of ice, shipped to San Francisco, proved totally worthless—the weather and water there being cold enough.

The Pope has conferred the degree of doctor of divinity, by diploma, on Father Newman.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

WE offer the first number of the eleventh volume of the Ladies' Repository to our readers, as a fair specimen of the coming numbers. With the exception of the embellished title-page, which, of course, belongs exclusively to the Janupary issue, this number has no advantages, as a whole, above what we hope and expect to make every succeeding number. We can not, it is true, guarantee the entire success of every artist of the several now employed by us, and that in every attempt made by them; but we can assure the public, that we have not followed the common custom, in the magazine world, of making an extra exertion at the opening of the volume. The months may vary somewhat, according to their fashion, the sort of treasures which they may pour out upon us; but, substantially, so far as it may be possible to make circumstances and events obey our plan of operations, our work shall always be equal to its present self, while old Phæbus shall be passing from one to another of the twelve star-mansions in his annual circuit.

The first embellishment of this number is a monument, which not only stands in memory of the dead, but which forcibly illustrates the power of affection. It was built, as we are told, not by a father over the remains of an only son, nor to perpetuate the recollection of a lovely daughter. No son's, no daughter's hand reased it moon the sleeping dust of a departed parent. Beneath that massive and expensive architecture, which, for cost and grandeur, is not equaled in this country, reposes the dust of a young lady, who had been adopted into the family of him who built the monument. The name of Charlotte Canda will thus be perpetuated; but it is sad to think, if we are correctly informed upon the subject, that the kindhearted man, whose affection was so genuine and ardent, has brought embarrassment, if not bankruptcy, upon himself and family, by this remarkab'e indulgence of his passion. shall not find fault with him. He, indeed, has overdone his duty; but, reader, how many of us, who are real parents, come short of ours! Chide not the builder of this gorgeous pile. It is so rare a thing, in this cold world, to see a specimen of gennine love, that an occasional excess of it will do more good than evil. It reminds us that there is yet some pure affection left among us. May the breath of the almighty God increase ie!

The music herein presented should be studied, and well performed, by those who give attention to this, the queen of the fine arts. By so doing, our musical readers will learn, what those initiated in the science have already said and published, that "Professor Werner's pieces alone are more than worth the subscription price of the magazine." He is, undoubtedly, the best composer, and he has been declared to be the best performer, in the Mississippi valley. The great Strakosch pronounced him, indeed, the best pianist he had seen outside of Europe.

We have a word to say concerning the contributions, our own excepted. The "Running Sketch of the late Bishop Bascom" we have inserted for two reasons: 1. We so cordially dislike the spirit which robs a man of his real dues, merely because he was not of our way of thinking, that we delight, as often as it is fit, to put our heel upon it. 2. The piece is well written and abundantly interesting. Dr. Bascom's style of writing, and we may say almost the same of his preaching, never gave us as much pleasure, as it seems to have given the majority of his many hearers. Both his composition and his oratory seemed to us to be overdone. His diction, certainly, was as far as possible from the pure, simple, transparent specimens of the great standards of our language. His delivery, naturally most excellent, was injured, strangely as the assertion may sound, by being made to conform exactly to the matter he delivered. It was his writing, in other words, that marred his speaking. Had he always spoken without writing, and formed the habit of easy, correct, extempore elecution, he would have been almost any thing that eloquence could have demanded. As he was, however, we do not consider him a model; but we do think him, nevertheless, to have been a very able man, and worthy of general admiration; and we are, therefore, willing to allow his special friend, Mr. Brown, to give utterance to sentiments and feelings, which will be responded to, we doubt not, by many thousands.

The "Amusements and Environs of Paris" is by Miss Elizabeth Blackwell, who will be remembered by our readers as the first female M. D. known in history, and who is now in France for the purpose of making farther prosecution of her studies. She will be a constant contributor to this volume.

The next leading prose article, "The Central Idea; or, God All in All," is from our old and welcome correspondent, Miss Mercein, who, we hope, will frequently favor us with her communications. "Vienna and the Viennese" is by Professor William Wells, who went to Vienna as a student of the language and literature of the Germans, several years age, and who is rapidly acquiring celebrity as a scholar and writer on both sides of the Atlantic. The "German Correspondence" is by Professor Ernest Kearas, nephew of the Rev. Dr. Nast, who has kindly consented to furnish us with a translation of these articles. It will reveal some things, in relation to the religious condition of the German father-land, which will fire the hearts of many to send, with still greater zeal, a pure and practical Gospel to that interesting but needy country.

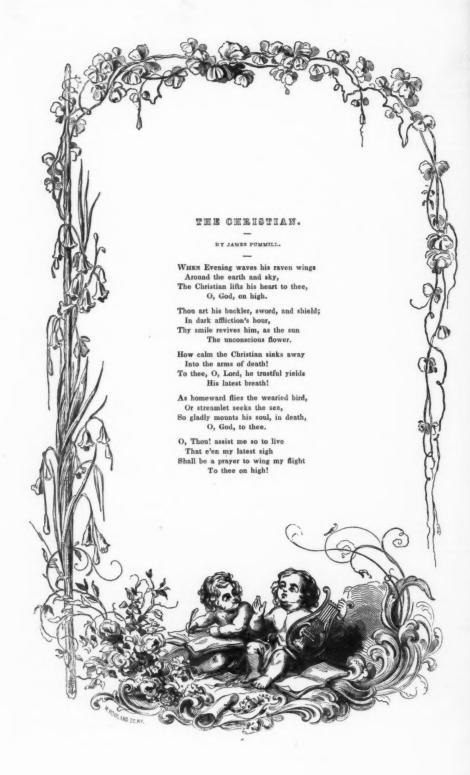
Our reprint department will, we trust, be attractive to our readers. We have thought it of more importance to put the names of the writers to their respective articles, than to mention the journals from which the pieces are selected; and we have, therefore, chosen that mode of designating them.

The names of all the other contributors to this number, we believe, are familiar to the great majority of our readers. If not, we shall have abundant opportunity to speak of them in our future issues.

Next month, if nothing prevent, we commence the publication of the series of Autobiographical Sketches of the great West, by an aged man and experienced writer, who, however, will not consent to give his name to the public. Could our readers have the name, they would read the articles with increased enjoyment; but they can make up the lack by imagining them to be, as they are, from a gentleman of very high standing, great worth, and decided talent as a writer. He knows all about the Mississippi valley; and he undertakes to talk to us as an old man would to his children and grandchildren.

We now shake hands, for a month, with our numerous and indulgent readers. If they can find any merit in our magazine, will they be so kind as to aid us and the publishers in giving it a circulation? We begin the volume with twenty thousand; but may not that number be doubled with a little effort on the part of our agents, friends, and patrons? With a list of forty thousand, we should not be afraid to promise, to that portion of the public who sustain us, as good a literary magazine as there is any where printed. We have a strong personal ambition to make the Ladies' Repository what it ought to be. Will our friends, therefore, who have a portion of the same ambition, do what they can to aid us in the attainment of this great object? Will they, at least, show the January number within the limits of their visiting circle? A lady of Cincinnati once received for us over forty subscribers in this way, without ever once asking a person to subscribe for the work. The people simply saw it; and they were kind enough to like it. We ask for no recommendation beyond the merits of the publication. We want no puffs. They do us no good. We dislike to see them even in the newspapers. Our great object is altogether above the reach of the puffing system. If the public can speak well of us, we are thankful; but mere vapor, which is so commonly used in relation to literary magazines, is with us nothing but mere vapor, We are set to uphold the cause of a pure and yet sprightly literature.

We should be glad to see this work the most successful champion of such a literature. We should be glad to see it speaking in tones to be remembered, in scores of thousands of our best families, in behalf of a literature which Christianity can sanction. We are willing, however, after doing what so can do, to leave all the rest with a generous and consistent public. We have no reason to distrust the kindness and determination of, at least, many patrons. To one and all, we hereby send forth our heartiest annual salutation.







ð

ed in the Shap John Mastaga. Pederancy 15, 1846.









Che Skaters.

Music by F. WERNER, Steinbrecher.



THE SKATERS.



THE SKATERS.



THE SKATERS.

